

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MY BROTHERS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have two soldier brothers
In the sunny south somewhere;
Two boys nobler and braver
Were never a sister's care.
It has not been long since I led them,
Little children by the hand,
And now they both are fighting
For the good of their native land.

Dear mischievous, wayward Owen,
The youngest—our pet and joy—
He was only fourteen when he left us,
Only a slender boy.
The other is kind as a woman,
His forehead is fair as a girl's—
We called him "red-haired Robert,"
Because of his golden curls.

And down upon my paper
Hot tears fall as I write,
For this is Robert's birthday—
He is just eighteen to-night.
Ah, well! I must cease my moaning,
Other lives are just as sad;
I must try not to murmur,
Though they were all I had.

And if in the chances of battle
One of my dear ones should fall,
Oh, Father! help me remember
That Thou art over all—
That in our peaceful homesteads,
On the battle-field crimson with blood,
There art ever around us,
Around us ever for good.

Council Hill, Ill. MRS. BURTON.

HEFFIE'S TROUBLE.

I remember how late we all sat round the fire that night, Aunt Rachel, Cousin Lucy, and I. It was such a cold wild night, and such a tumult was going on out of doors, as made the unpleasant cheerful warmth within seem doubly pleasant and cheerful.

My aunt had been left a widow some years since, with two children, a son and a daughter; my cousin Lucy, and Arthur, who was now in a government office in London. I had lived my childhood years away, knowing no other home than my aunt's pretty cottage at Ashwood, no mother's face but hers. I had been given to her when my parents left England for India, when I was little more than four years old; it was there my mother died soon after their arrival, leaving my poor father desolate in a strange land. And now, after twelve years of Indian service, he had come back to live in the old Hall at Riverbank, a lovely spot, which had belonged to our family for many generations past.

To that sweet home, one golden June day, he had brought my gentle mother, a pretty bride of seventeen; and there, about a year after, I, their only child, was born. Being so young when I left it, I had of course little or no recollection of the place, nor do I remember having any desire to see it again. You call this strange and unnatural; perhaps it was, but then our home at Ashwood was very retired indeed, a sunny nook in a quiet corner of this busy moving world. Beyond the rector and his wife, we had very few neighbors. Lucy and I had only each other to play with while Arthur was away at school; and when he returned for the holidays, we were happy indeed.

So quietly and peacefully the narrow, waveless stream of our life flowed on, and we were happy and content; not knowing any other, we cared not to have it widened. I do not think this circumscribed life of ours did any real harm to Lucy; with me it was otherwise. I suffered where she escaped untouched; for we were very different, very unlike each other.

Here was a frank, sympathetic, trusting nature, that easily attached itself. You could not help loving her if you tried. She would creep into your heart like a little bird, and there make a green little nest for herself, even before you were aware. My disposition, on the contrary, was shy, reserved, and cold; or, rather, my affections were not easily stirred into warmth. I was slow to open my heart, and I hoped it only to a few; but for them I had a kind of passionate worship, that would have considered no sacrifice too great, no self-renunciation too impossible. But, ah! at Ashwood my love had never been put to a severer test than the little daily efforts to please my gentle aunt and cousins. Beyond them I wanted no one else; I never cared to make friends. Even my father's name, that name which above all others, should have had a sacred shrine in my heart (I say it now in all the anguish of a sorrowful shame burning at my breast), had little power to kindle any emotion there. And so, when one day the news had come to us that he was going to marry again, (a widow lady, with an only daughter a little older than myself), it did not please or trouble me. I received it calmly and quietly, as something I had little concern in. But when a little later, a letter came telling of their arrival in England, and that now he had returned home he wished to have his child again, I felt as if a heavy blow had fallen upon my heart, and only yielded as to me like an echo from the old life—the old life!

a cruel necessity. Dreadful to me was the thought of leaving my aunt and cousins, of changing my calm, unruffled life at Ashwood for a new existence among strangers, for they were all more or less strangers to me.

And so, as I said before, we three sat round the fire very late that night. We heard the clock in the hall strike the hour of midnight, and still we never moved. I think each of us in her secret heart dreaded to be the first to break up that last home conference. Lucy, with an expression of touching sadness in her sweet face, sat looking into the fire far more gently and submissively than I into my future life; whilst dear, kind, Aunt Rachel would now and then try to cheer us by some pleasant, hope-assuring word, though I could see that her own eyes were growing dim while she spoke. And so at last we said good night, once more, and for the last time; and once more Cousin Lucy and I lay down to sleep, side by side, in the two little French beds with rosebud curtains, in that same dear room we had called the nursery long ago. Before the sun went down again we were many long miles apart. The old life was gone; and Aunt Rachel's fond, earnest blessing, and Lucy's tearful embrace were all that remained to me of the happy home days that would never come back.

Well, I arrived at the old house at Riverbank, that house which had been my mother's home for nearly all her married life; yet my heart refused to recognize it as my own. My father met me in the hall and said, "Heffie, you are quite a woman; I am glad, very glad, to have my child again." And my stepmother greeted me kindly, affectionately; and Agnes took my hand and said (with her eyes looking kindly into mine), "she will be sisters!"

And so they took me in among them; and day by day they strove with tender words and loving deeds, to win my wayward, sullen heart, that still remained shut up within itself, closely as ever door was locked and barred.

Day by day they strove with me, constantly, but in vain; because I would not strive with myself. The old life was gone—the old life around and within me; and instead of trying to read only the new leaf that lay open before me, I only stained it with my tears, and kept ever in my memory, turning again and again the pages I had ever finished. I lived and moved in a kind of dream, seeing and hearing, yet taking no heed of what I saw or heard. I spent hours in my own room, reading over and over again the books Lucy had given to me the night before I left them. Most of them we had read together, she and I; and now I must read alone; and often, as the short winter afternoon was growing dark and cold, sick, dreary feeling would creep over my heart—of miserable loneliness, that seemed consuming me in its very intensity. Ah! had I not brought all my trouble upon myself? No; I was not pretty, like Agnes. I knew that, and my father knew it also; and he was proud of her, I could see; but not proud of his poor, pale little Heffie. It was always Agnes who went out to ride with him, who was ready to walk wherever he liked, who read to him in the evening when he was tired. Why was it that I was seldom with him, that I never read or sang to him for hours as she did? Because I had a false feeling in my foolish heart that he could not love me, could not care for me. How should he, when I was so little to him, and she so much? So days grew into weeks, weeks into months, and summer came once more, once more to gladden men and women and children's hearts; with long days of golden sunshine, and soft cool dewy nights. Yes, summer came once more, and with it came a change in my life, a self-inflicted, lonely life. One morning I received a letter from my Cousin Arthur, saying that his mother and Lucy were going to spend the next three months with some friends in Scotland; and that if his uncle and Mrs. Leigh would kindly receive him for a little while, he would so very much like to come and spend his summer holiday at Riverbank. He longed to see me again; it would be like a coming back of the old days.

"Yes, Heffie, certainly," said my father, when I gave him Arthur's message, "let him come by all means. We shall be delighted to see him; it will make a pleasant change, a very pleasant change for us all."

As I rose to leave the room I saw his wife's gentle eyes turned on me with a kind, half-pitying look I had often seen there of late, and heard her say (when she thought I was out of hearing), "Poor child, I am glad she will have this pleasure. I long to see a little color in that pale face; it is too young to look so sad."

And my father answered, "Yes, it is too young; life should not be difficult at seventeen. Oh, Margaret! I have a great fear haunting me sometimes." And here he lowered his voice to almost a whisper, so that I heard no more; and I hastened upstairs to write my letter. What was this great fear that haunted my father? I could not tell. I had often remarked lately (as I said before) my stepmother's eyes watching me with an anxious, half-pitying expression; and once or twice I had seen them fill with tears when she thought I was not noticing her. Did this great fear haunt her, too?

Three days passed by, and Arthur came—pleasant, cheerful, kind, Cousin Arthur. How my heart bounded at the sight of him, at the sound of his fine manly voice, that seemed to me like an echo from the old life—the old life!



MY GREAT TROUBLE.

that was gone. All was changed during the few weeks he stayed at Riverbank. It was as if some kind fairy had come with her magic wand and touched the hours, and turned them into gold. I felt almost quite happy. Something of my old self seemed to have come back. It was a season of strange, wonderful gladness—a short, happy dreaming, that went too quickly by—and I awoke crying, to find it over, gone.

I knew he and Agnes liked each other from the beginning; nothing was more natural. Many of their tastes and pursuits were the same. And it happened that day by day there grew up between them a sure, yet silent sympathy, so sure and silent that for a long time neither was conscious how much the other was helping to make the sunny June of life more bright and sunny still. Week after week went by, till we counted six, and then Arthur's leave had expired, and he must return to London. The last evening came (how far away it seems, now as I look back); I was sitting alone in my own room, not reading or writing, or hardly thinking; but listening listlessly to the dull patter of the rain against the window, for it had been pouring all day.

Presently I heard a knock at my door, and Arthur entered, saying he wanted to talk with me. He had hardly seen me since the morning.

"Dear Heffie," he said, "I want to tell you something, something that I want you to feel glad for. Can you guess?"

"No. How should I?"

"Well, then, Agnes has promised to-day to be my wife. Say you are glad, Heffie, won't you? You used to be glad years ago when I brought home a new prize from school; but now you do not speak."

"Arthur, I am very glad." I said it with my lips, but a voice in my heart answered, "No, Heffie, you are not glad; you know you are not."

"Why not?"

Because that moment had revealed to my heart a secret it had been keeping from itself, a secret it had not dared to discover; but now it had stolen out from the dark, silent corner where it had hidden itself away, and, standing out like a giant fierce and strong in the broad open daylight, it stared me in the face mockingly, cruelly; and I saw that it was an idol I had been bowing down to, a pillar I had been leaning on for strength; and the idol was crumbling, the pillar was falling, and I, who had leaned too long on that one support, was weak (oh! how weak) now it was gone.

Arthur stayed with me for a long while that evening, talking of many things,—of Agnes most of all. He asked me to be kind to her when he was gone, to show her love and sympathy for his sake.

He knew not he was asking me to do a hard thing. The next day he was gone, and Agnes

moved about the house quiet and subdued, as if a little shadow had come to dim her sky for a moment; while I, who had no rights to grieve, yet grieved more hopelessly. Now, at the distance of nearly twenty years, I can look back calmly on that time, as on the recollection of a troubled dream, from which the awakening was tranquil as the clear shining after rain. But then there was no shining, no rest, no comfort.

The next few months that passed before the winter came (that was when the wedding was to be) were very dreary ones to me. There was a little brief while, indeed, in which Aunt Rachel and Lucy paid us a visit on their way home from Scotland; but when that was over I felt even more lonely than ever. My heart was more than ever closed to Agnes. I felt towards her as if she had done me a cruel wrong; as if she had stolen from me something that might have been mine; that I would have valued, oh how pricelessly!

One afternoon, near the end of November, as I was sitting in the library with my father, he looked up from his newspaper suddenly, and said—

"Heffie, my child, I wish I could see you happy, really happy. I cannot bear to see that pale face of yours day after day without a smile upon it. Can you not borrow a little sunshine from Agnes?"

I did not answer for a few moments. Then a desperate resolve seemed suddenly to shape itself into words on my lips, and I said—

"Let me go away, father; let me leave Riverbank. I can never be happy while I stay here. Let me go."

"Let you go away, Heffie! What can you mean? Where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere, father; anywhere! I will be a governess, or a companion. I will do anything; only let me go away."

"Why, Heffie, you do not know what you are saying. Are you in your senses, child? What makes you so unhappy? Tell me."

"I cannot, father; I cannot tell any one. But, oh! I want to go away! I want to go away!" And in the passion of my entreaty I sobbed bitterly.

"Heffie," my father exclaimed half frightened, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

Just then the door opened, and Mrs. Leigh entered the room. She tried to speak to me; but I rushed wildly past her into the hall and stairs, never pausing till I reached my own room, and there, sinking on the floor beside the sofa, I pressed my head against the pillows and wept as I had not wept for a long while.

Presently I heard a step in the passage. Some one knocked at my door. I did not answer, or even raise my head; I dreaded that they should see my tears. Again the knock was repeated; but I never moved. At length the door opened, and I knew, without looking back, that it was

my stepmother who stood near me. She laid her hand gently on my shoulder, saying,

"Heffie, my poor child, what is the matter? Are you ill, or in trouble, or has any one been unkind to you? Do tell me."

"But still I did not move, but kept my face buried in the sofa pillow.

"Heffie," she said again, and this time there was even a little sternness in her voice, "Heffie, listen to me. I must speak to you; I must know what all this means."

Her manner quieted me in an instant. I let her raise me from the floor, and, seating herself on the sofa, made me sit beside her, put her arm round me, and drew my head to rest on her bosom. She did not try to stop my tears altogether; they were flowing more quickly now; but I was cold and trembling through my head was burning; and, taking one of my hands, she gently clasped it in her own without speaking a word for some time. At last, as I grew calmer still, she spoke again.

"Heffie, dearest love, why will you not tell me what is troubling this poor little heart so much?"

"Because, because I cannot tell any one. I must not; indeed I must not. Nobody could help me if I did."

"Is it so very bad, dear,—so incurable? Oh, Heffie! I would be to you in your dear mother's place if you would let me,—if you would open your heart to me, and trust me as you would have trusted her. You are too young to bear all this grief alone. Will you not trust me with part of it, at least?"

What right had I to all this tenderness from her, those words of sympathy,—I who, for nearly a whole year, had coldly cast away the love she would have given me? Did I deserve it now? I knew I did not; but that last appeal—so tenderly, so earnestly made—caused me to touch somewhere in my heart a chord that had never throbbed before. My poor, wayward heart was bowed in a moment, powerless to give itself any longer; for she had found the right key, and used it skillfully. Yes, after a year's hard living (cold and restless on my side, patient and gentle on hers), I was conquered at last; and, subdued and humbled as a penitent child, I lay weeping in her arms, depending on her love. And there, in the shadow of the dark November twilight, I told her all my trouble: no, not all, only a part; but she (with the quick insight of her woman's sympathy) guessed the rest. She did not say many words to comfort me. She only said, "My poor child!" But I could feel her silent sympathy far more than words. I felt it in the closer pressure of her arms round me, in the touch of her hand on my hair as she tenderly stroked it from my forehead, and pressed an earnest kiss upon it.

"You are very young, dear," she said, at length, "for such a hard battle; but you will gain the victory if you will ask for strength."

I knew not how long we remained together that evening. I can dimly remember trying to raise my head to ask her forgiveness for the burning pain in it. And I remember how kindly she helped me to bed, and sat by my side for a long while, till she thought I had fallen asleep; but the next few days I can very faintly recall: they are almost a blank in my memory. I knew that I was very ill, and at one time in danger of dying. I lay in a half-sleeping, half-waking state, having no part in the life that was going on around me. My dreams were restless and distressed; always haunted by that one image—the pillar I had leaned on too long for strength. Once I thought my cousin Arthur and I were walking on the side of a precipice: it was dark and foggy, and every step I was afraid of falling. At last I felt the arm I leaned on growing weak; but I thought it was still strong enough to support me. By degrees, however, it seemed to give way; my foot slipped, for the mist was in my eyes, and I felt myself falling. I cried out in my agony of fear, "Oh, Arthur, save me! do not leave me!" And then in my distress I awoke, to see Agnes bending over me, while she bathed my burning forehead.

"What is the matter?" I said. "Have I been ill? Where am I?"

"In your own room, Heffie, dear. You have been ill; but you are better now," she answered.

"Oh, yes, I am better now. Have you been me long?"

"Mamma and I have both been with you. We want to make you well and strong again."

"Do you? I thought you could not love me. Why do you stay with me?"

"Stay with you, Heffie! Why should I leave you? You would not send me away, would you?"

"I thought you would hate me. I was unkind, cruel to you."

"Hush, Heffie, that is all over now. Let us try to forget it, shall we? But here is Dr. White coming to see you." And at that moment the door opened, and my stepmother and the doctor came in.

I will not dwell on those days of weakness, and weeks of slow recovery, that were ended at last. I have said that that time, as I see it now, was a troubled evil dream, from which the awakening was calm and tranquil as the clear shining after rain. Yes, the shining came at last; the battle was won, because the strength that won was not my own. Well, the day arrived—the wedding day—his and hers. I saw them kneel-

ing before the altar, and the minister pronouncing the words of marriage.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PARIS, JUNE 28, 1864.

ing side by side, and heard the words, "I, Arthur, take these, Arthur, to be my wedded wife." And in my heart I blessed them, him and her. And so they went away to London, and I tried to fit her place at home; tried to be to them what she had been; and they were very kind and patient with me, and would not let me see how sadly they missed her.

Nearly twenty years have come and gone since then, and many things are changed. My father and stepmother are sleeping side by side in the quiet churchyard at Riverbank. The old Hall has been sold; but, as the new owner is now abroad, it has a melancholy, deserted look.

Arthur and Agnes have a sunny little home in Devonshire. They are very happy in each other; very happy in their one child, whom they have named Hilda. She is now a fair girl of eighteen, with the image of her mother's youth upon her. And as I gaze into the blue depths of those true, earnest eyes, I think, half-mournfully, half-thankfully, of the old days at Riverbank.

Aunt Rachel has left her pretty cottage at Ashwood, for the new rector and his wife have begged her to make her home with them, the rector's wife being Cousin Lucy.

And I, reader? my home is a small lodging in a quiet street in London—London, "that gathering-place of souls," as Mrs. Browning has called it. I have only two rooms; but they are snug and pleasant enough. And here I live, and write books, and make verses, very thankful if now and then I am allowed to add my little drop of help or comfort to the sea of human charity around me. And I am happy; for though my cup may never be full to the very brim, still I know it is fuller (how much fuller!) than I deserve.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1864.

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The New York daily newspapers, on or before the first of August, will raise their prices to a five cent standard. The advance would have taken place ere now, I understand, but for the distinction of one establishment to venture upon the experiment. The increased and increasing cost of all the materials that enter into the manufacture of a newspaper has made this step a positive necessity, and one which can no longer be deferred. The weekly will probably be compelled to further advance their prices also before long. So it is understood.—*Friends.*

General George F. Morris, of New York, the editor and poet, died on the 6th inst., in the 63d year of his age. He was well known as a song writer, his most popular piece being "Woodman, Spare that Tree!" Generals Dix, Ward and Sandford, together with Bryant, Willis, Governor Kibble, &c., were pall-bearers at his funeral.

A New Haven gentleman proposes building a number of portable cottages, or harkens in sections, ten feet square by six or less. Each will accommodate eight persons. They will be erected on the islands in that neighborhood which the invader has purchased and rented to visitors visiting them.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PARIS, JUNE 28, 1864.

If the office of visitors to any point of the country inhabited by the Court can be taken as a proof of the popularity of the reigning House, the Imperial Family of France must be regarded as the most popular of the reigning families of Europe. St. Cloud, Vichy, the Escaut, Bourges, Marly, Chantilly, and Fontainebleau, have all become such favorite places of resort since the Emperor and Empress have adopted them, that they are widening their limits, and adding new streets, squares, avenues and Boulevards to their old thoroughfares, with a rapidity and vigor equaling, in a moral sense, the great reconstructive operations of the capital.

The sojourn of the Court at Fontainebleau is the most brilliant portion of its country-doings. The extent and splendor of the palace itself, the beauty of its grounds, the vastness and magnificence of its noble forest, all tend to make it the most imposing of the Imperial residences. The Court stays longer at Fontainebleau than at any of the others; and though the strictness of etiquette is somewhat relaxed, the arrangements at the palace are all made on a scale of great magnificence.

The famous Forest of Fontainebleau contains about 40,000 acres; and the total length of its roads and paths is estimated at about twelve hundred English miles. Through this large extent of woodland, diversified with streams, hills, valleys, and rocks of great pictorial beauty, the public is free to wander at will, and as an enthusiastic admirer of its romantic beauties has just finished his self-imposed task of numbering every one of the beautiful rocks with enormous blue figures, painted on its surface, and corresponding with the numbers in the "Guide-Book to Fontainebleau" just published by him, tourists may, if they please, "do" the woods and ravines of the region as methodically as streets of Pompeii, or the ruins of Rome.

The successive relays of guests invited to share the Imperial hospitalities, pass the mornings in their own apartments or wandering through the gardens, the park, or the forest. The afternoons are devoted sometimes to hunting, but more generally to excursions to the most beautiful and interesting sites of the forest and the neighboring region. The ladies exhaust their taste and ingenuity (or rather those of their milliners and dressmakers) in inventing the most exquisite and fanciful toilettes for these drives. The Emperor, the Empress, Princess Anne, Murat, Princess Ghisla, and others, well-known for their riding, always go on horseback; the rest of the guests go in a sort of jaunting-car, open, and holding about a dozen each. All the ladies wear small hats, gay with feathers and ribbons, the skirts of their dresses looped up, and boots or shoes with high heels, and rosettes. The hats, which the Empress was one of the first to adopt in this country, are especially elegant; and each lady prides herself on presenting an assortment of the most original and charming character.

A grand dance is given in the great Banqueting Hall at 7 o'clock; all the guests being received at the Imperial palace. All remain in the drawing-rooms adjoining this Hall, the Emperor and Empress entering a few minutes before the hour of dinner; and making the round of the guests, addressing a few words to each in turn. The major-domo then throws open the folding-doors leading into the Hall, their Majesties, preceded by the Chamberlains, lead the way to the table, followed by the guests, and the repast proceeds with an accompaniment of music executed, in the terrace outside, by the band of the Guides on duty at Fontainebleau. When the weather is fine the public is admitted on Sundays and Thursdays to this terrace to enjoy the music and the sight of the gardens.

After dinner, the Imperial hosts and their guests adjourn to the splendid Gallery of Henri III., the lofty windows of this portion of the palace, the *clé d'œuvre* of Primatice, open the beautiful "English Garden," and the effect of the thousands of wax-tapers, the paintings, the lustres, the gildings, and rich draperies of the suite of magnificent apartments constituting this "Gallery," with their walls completely covered with paintings, and their brilliant illumination reflected in the water of the large lake outside, is described, by those who have seen it, as something not to be surpassed in its own way. The Fontainebleau races, or, as they are called here, "The French Ascot," have just taken place with great *éclat*. The race-course is a lovely valley; and all the arrangements of the affair were as gay, elegant, and charming as the details of a painting on one side of the exquisite fan in which Boucher or Watteau have immortalized the doings of the Court beauties of the old French monarchy. Everybody was beautifully dressed; the race-course looked like an expanse of emerald-green velvet; every detail, pole, flag, and stand, as ornate and pretty as possible; and the performance of the splendid military bands added to the festive character of the scene. The Emperor, Empress, and little Prince went about without attendants or any attempt at etiquette; walking about the weighing ring, looking at the horses, and occasionally addressing a few words to persons of their acquaintance. The little Prince, sometimes alone, sometimes with children of his own age, but quite independent of papa, mamma, tutor or attendant, ran up and down the steps of the stands, explored every corner, examined every horse, made his way through the crowd, and seemed to be enjoying himself amazingly. He is growing very handsome; with a fair skin, dark curly hair, and remarkably beautiful blue eyes. His little Highness wore a dark jacket and Knickerbockers, a gray beaver hat, and red stockings; and won admiring comments, even from persons who did not know who he was, for his handsome face, the grace of his movements, and the politeness of his manners.

The Emperor, though a stickler for etiquette, seems to take great pleasure in an occasional indiscretion. A few days ago he came from Fontainebleau to Paris in one of the ordinary trains, without any attendant. On reaching the Paris station, he walked up to the station-master, who was greatly surprised at seeing his Majesty among the passengers, talked with him familiarly for a few moments, and asked him: "What news is there?"

"Why, sir," replied the station-master, "I have heard of nothing in the way of news. Your Majesty is much more likely to know what is going on than I." The Emperor smiled, and the station-master inquired whether he wished to return to Paris, as he had come, or whether he would prefer a special train.

"Just as you please," replied the Emperor.

"In that case I will have a special train to my hour your Majesty will have the goodness to name."

"At six o'clock, then, to-morrow evening," returned the Emperor, and touching his hat to the station-master, the Master of France walked leisurely out of the station, got into the first cab he met, and went thence to the Tuilleries.

Among the numerous groups that receive us from the Court, is a little story which is just going the rounds, and seems to be greatly delighting the Parisians.

It seems that, among the persons now staying at one of the principal hotels at Fontainebleau, is a very famous beauty of the *deuxième* class, equally renowned for her beauty, her wit, and the enormous splendor of her toilette. The Duchess of D., who is also lodging in the same hotel, having heard much of the sumptuousness of the dresses, jewels, &c., of the brilliant Aspasia, was seized with an immense desire to inspect the wardrobe of the adventures. She secretly impeded her wish to her maid, desiring her to make the acquaintance of Aspasia's maid, and to gain her over. The Duchess's maid entered resolutely into her mistress's views, made friends with the *soubrette* of the adventures, and lost no time in sounding her on the subject. The latter declared herself willing to gratify the Duchess's wish, but said that the desired inspection could not take place until the next day, as her mistress would be at home all that afternoon and evening. The cunning *soubrette* had got up this answer in order to gain time for consulting her mistress. The latter, informed by her maid of the Duchess's desire, replied: "Give you leave to do what you please; but I think you ought to demand ten Napoleons (50frs. each) for your trouble and your *unfaithfulness*."

The next morning Aspasia obligingly betook herself to the forest for a drive of two or three hours; and the bargain being duly made between the two maids, the Duchess had the satisfaction of looking over the entire wardrobe of the adventures, in return for the ten Napoleons, as agreed upon. On the following morning the counterpart of this little scene was enacted in the rooms occupied by the Duchess. While the latter was taking her usual morning drive, Aspasia, who had taken a fancy to inspect, in her turn, the toilettes of the *grande dame*, had the satisfaction of passing in review the bonnets, hats, cashmere, lace, dresses and jewels which figure in the courtly and aristocratic regions into which the modern Aspasia, with her gorgeous finery, are not allowed to penetrate. And when the adventures, having gratified her curiosity as fully as the Duchess had done, swept out of the lady's room, she placed twenty Napoleons on the hands of the Duchess's maid.

All the members of the Imperial Family seem bitten with the mania of "improving" their residences. Prince Napoleon has changed the splendid terrace of his palace of Menden into an exquisite "English Garden," and is writing, meantime, a biographical notice of all the writers of the Imperial Family, of whom the number is much greater than is usually supposed. All the members of the Imperial Family seem bitten with the mania of "improving" their residences. Prince Napoleon has changed the splendid terrace of his palace of Menden into an exquisite "English Garden," and is writing, meantime, a biographical notice of all the writers of the Imperial Family, of whom the number is much greater than is usually supposed.

Year distinguished fellow-townsman, Dr. Thomas Evans, already the happy possessor of a whole galaxy of *titles*, bestowed on him by his innumerable crowned patients, imperial and royal, has recently had the honor of being summoned to Constantinople, to look after the teeth of the Sultan and the ladies of the Imperial Family. Dr. Evans went out to Constantinople on board a British frigate, as the guest of his personal friend, Sir Henry Bulwer, the representative of Queen Victoria at the Porte, and who happened to be returning to his post after a leave of absence. So delighted was the Sultan with the admirable skill, urbanity and disinterestedness of the renowned professor of the dental art, that he bestowed on him, among other signal marks of favor, the Order of the Osmanie. This Order, created by the present Sultan, in memory of the illustrious Sultan Osman, founder of the reigning dynasty of Turkey, is the highest in the Ottoman Empire, its members taking rank above all others. Admission to this Order is so jealously guarded by the Turkish Government, that Dr. Evans is the first Christian on whom the honor has been bestowed.

And when, on his return to Paris, Dr. Evans showed to the Emperor Napoleon the magnificent insignia of the Osmanie thus presented to him by the ladies of his imperial patrons, his Majesty, who had never seen the decorations of this new and most exclusive order, examined them with equal interest and curiosity. It is certainly a curious caprice of Fortune that thus singles out a son of the New World, and a republican, as the recipient of the honors of a greater number of Orders than is probably possessed by any one of their royal and imperial donors.

THE GREAT SCREW FRIGATE POMPADOUR, named from a tributary of the Connecticut river—will be to the screw fleet of 1865 what the Niagara was to that of 1855. She is fully under way at the Boston navy yard, and will soon be framed. She will be the largest wooden man-of-war in the world; the strongest, the most heavily armed, and it is expected the fleetest. Her armament comprises fourteen eleven-inch guns and one or two rifles.

THE TWENTY-TWO TUSCARORA SQUADS are working in the fields at Akron, Erie county, N. Y., cultivating the broom corn.

THE FRAGMENT of a needle which was broken off in the hip of a Boston lady, twenty years ago, has just been extracted from her right hand thumb.

THE EFFECTS OF WHISKEY.—Millions of fish have been poisoned in the Ohio Canal by the discharge of refuse from the extensive distillery at Troy, and lodge along the banks in such numbers as to cause an intolerable stench and threaten a pestilence. If the refuse of Ohio whiskey carries such death to animals, a paper of that region, what must the whiskey itself do?

THE SWIMMING POWERS OF THE DOLPHIN.—On Saturday, the 18th of February—the first day of the flood here—as I stood on the top of my domicile, a dog was carried away by the flood; we all saw it from the house-top, and, of course, after the flood included it in the obituary of quadrupeds. He has been heard of again at a station on the Brighouse Creek. He must have swum forty miles before he made *terre firma* again, and must have been swimming all the remainder of the day and night until Sunday evening, when he made the place above mentioned.—*Singleton (Georgia) Times.*

THE NEW JERSEY PINCH CROP promises

THE POST.

WRITING FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Within the limits of New England, 'mid the freight hills of Maine,
Stands a farm-house, white and spacious, on a southward sloping plain;
And weekly to that household comes a sheep
worth thrice its cost,
And we all are quickly gathered to hear mother

read the news; we are all quickly gathered to hear mother

read the news; we are all quickly gathered to hear mother

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

Wild tangled roses that bind the wild ravine,
Where the fierce fight raged hottest through
the day,
And where the dead in scattered heaps were
seen,
Amid the darkling forests shade and gloom,
Speechless in death he lay.

The setting sun, which glanced astir the
piece
In setting lines, like amber-tinted rays,
Fall sideways on the drummer's upturned face,
Where death had left his grey fingers' trace
In one bright crimson stain.

The silken fringes of his once bright eye
Lay like a shadow on his cheek so fair;
His lips were parted by a long-drawn sigh,
That with his soul had mounted to the sky
On some wild martial air.

No more his hand the fierce tattoo shall beat,
The shrill reveille, or the long roll's call,
Or sound the charge when in the smoke and
heat
Of fiery onset, foe with foe shall meet,
And gallant men shall fall.

Yet may be in some happy home that one,
A mother, reading from the list of dead,
Shall chance to view the name of her dear son,
And move his lips to say, "God's will be done!"
And bow in grief her head.

But more than this what tongue shall tell his
story?
Perhaps his boyish longings were for fame;
He lived, he died, and so, moment mori,—
Enough if on the page of War and Glory,
Some hand has writ his name.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlyns," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864,
by Dawson & Peterson, in the Office of the Librarian
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PART XXXII.

ENTERING ON A NEW HOME.

For once London was bright. A glorious spring day late in March had gladdened the spirits of the metropolitan world, dreary with the fogs and rains of the passing winter, and as the street passengers looked up at the clear blue sky, the shining sun, they said to each other that the day was a foretaste of summer.

The sun drew to its setting, and its red rays fell on the terminus of the Great Western Railway at Paddington; on all the bustle and confusion of a train just in. Amidst the various vehicles driving out of the station with their freight, was a cab containing two ladies dressed in deep mourning, one of whom, the elder, had not recovered from the passing about to which she had been subjected in the confusion of arrival, and was protesting that she should not recover it, and that there ought to be arrangements made to protect lady-travellers from such. On the box beside the driver was a—was he a gentleman, or was he a servant? If the latter, he was certainly a most superior one in looks, but the idle people standing about and casting their eyes up to the passing cab were taking his no doubt for the former. The luggage piled up on the top of the cab and on the front seat of the inside, seemed to say that these travellers had come from a distance.

In point of fact, they had come from Hallingham, for they were no other than Miss Davenal and her niece, and the gentleman on the box was Neal. Miss Davenal kept up her chorus of complaint. It had begun with the discomfited attendant on the arrival of a large train at the terminus, and it would be continued, there was little doubt, for ever and a day; for though Miss Bettina had come to London by her own free decision, she had come solely against her will.

"Jostling! pushing! hustling! roaring! It is a shame that ladies should be subjected to such. Why don't they manage things better?"

"But, Aunt Bettina, you need not have been in the bustle. If you had but seated yourself in the fly, as Neal suggested, and allowed him to see after the luggage—"

"Hold your tongue, Sara. What was one pair of eyes to look after all the luggage we have got? I chose to see it as well as Neal; and I say that the way you get pushed about is shameful. My firm belief is, we have lost at least ten of the smaller packages."

"No, no, aunt, they are all here; I counted them as they were brought to the fly."

"Yes, that's about all you are good for! counting the fly! I'd spend my moments to a little more purpose. Good heavens! we shall be run down! If this is London, I wish I had never heard of it."

The fly threaded its way amidst the crowded streets and its inmates' terrors—for Sara was little less timid than her aunt—until it drew up before a small house in Pimlico, small as compared with their house at home. Miss Davenal looked up at it and gave a groan; and Neal opened the fly door.

"Is this the place, Neal? It is dreadfully small."

"I think you will find it convenient, ma'am. It is better inside than out."

Better inside than out! It was new and fresh and pleasant looking; but to poor Miss Davenal it appeared, as she had said, dreadfully small. Sara seemed less dismally impressed. She had not anticipated great things; and it was of very little consequence to her where she lived now. In reality, it was rather a nice house, of moderate size; but Miss Davenal was estimating it by comparison—as we all estimate things.

She turned herself about in the small passage in dismay. A door on the left led into the parlor, the room they would use for dining; about four such could have been put into the dining-room at Hallingham. The staircase would not admit of two abreast; and right in front of it, at the top, was the drawing-room, a light, cheerful apartment, with one large window. The furniture in these rooms was Miss Davenal's, and it crowded them inconveniently.

Dame, who had lived at the Abbey with Mr. Gray, stood there with a smiling face to receive them; and the ladybird, a humble sort of person in a green stuff gown, who had the pleasure of residing in the back kitchen and sleeping in the attic, came forward also. The greater

portion of the house had been taken underhanded for Miss Davenal.

"About the bedrooms, Davenal?" inquired Miss Davenal, in a half-dismayed tone. "Which is mine?"

"Which you please to choose, ma'am," was Davenal's answer. "The two best chambers are the one behind the drawing-room, and the one over the drawing-room."

The room over the drawing-room was the largest and best; but Miss Davenal did not like so many stairs, and resigned it to Sara. She, Miss Davenal, turned herself about in the small back room as she had done in the passage; her own spacious chamber at home was all too present to her, and she wondered whether she should ever become reconciled to this.

Had any one told her a few short months before—nay, a few short weeks—that she should ever take up her abode in London, she had rejoiced the very idea as absurd, almost an impossibility. Yet here she was! come to it of her own decision, of her own accord, but in one sense terribly against her will.

Marcus Gray had carried out his plan. To the intense astonishment of Hallingham, he had rejected the valuable practice which had become his by the death of Dr. Davenal. His mode of relinquishing it had been a most foolish one. Whether he feared the remonstrances of his brother, the reproaches of Miss Davenal, or the interference of other friends of his wife, certain it is that Mark in disposing of the practice had gone unwisely to work. A practice such as Dr. Davenal's, if placed under the care of the market, would have brought forth a host of men eager to be the purchasers, and to offer a fair and just sum for it. But of this Mark Gray allowed no chance. He privately negotiated with a friend of his, a Mr. Berry, and sold him the good-will for little more than an old song.

In vain Miss Davenal said cutting things to Mark; in vain Oswald Gray, when the real truth reached him, came hastening down from London, in doubt whether Mark had not gone really mad. They could not undo the contract. It was signed and sealed, and Mr. Barry had paid over the purchase-money.

Then Mark spoke out upon the subject of his London prospects, and enlarged upon their brilliancy until Miss Davenal herself was for the moment dizzied. She urged on Mark the justice of his resigning to Dr. Davenal's daughter part of this purchase-money; Mark evaded it. His agreement with Dr. Davenal, he said, was to pay to his daughter three hundred pounds per annum for five years; and provided he did pay it, it could be of no consequence whether he made it by doctoring or by other means; he should fulfill his bargain, and that was enough.

Mark seemed to have it all his own way. The money expected by his wife was paid over to him, and he kept it. It was a great deal less than had been expected, for chancery had secured its own slice out of the pie; but it was rather more than four thousand pounds. Mark was deaf to all suggestions, all entreaties; he completely ignored the last wishes of Dr. Davenal; turned round on Oswald, and flatly told him it was no business of his; and carried the money to London in his pocket, when he and Caroline quitted Hallingham.

They quitted it in haste and hurry, long before things were ripe and ready for them in London, Mark remarking to his wife that the summer they were out of that hornet's nest the better—which by term of trade probably distinguished Miss Davenal and a few others who had considered themselves privileged to interfere, so far as remonstrance went. Caroline more than so concurred all his wishes, all he did; Mark had imbued her with his own rose-colored views of the future, and she was eager to enter on its brightness.

But Caroline was not destitute of feeling, and she sobbed on her Aunt Bettina's neck when she came to say farewell. If ever a doubt of the future crossed her mind, it was in that moment—the slightest shade of doubt, given rise to by the solemnly prophetic warning of Bettina Davenal.

"You and Mark would do well to stay, even now; as surely as that you go, Caroline Gray, you go to your ruin."

But the doubt passed away with the emotion, and Caroline laughed heartily with Mark afterwards at croaking Aunt Bettina. Mark himself had paid a farewell visit to a very few favored patients, and let them into the secret that he was going to make his fortune. And so they left in high spirits and with flying colors, Caroline condescendingly telling Sara that she should invite her to spend a month with them when they were settled.

The next to look out for a home was Miss Bettina Davenal. Affairs of the sales and else had not been carried out so quickly and readily as Mr. Wheatley in his inexperience had anticipated, and there had been no immediate hurry for the house to be vacated. A surgeon in the town was in treaty for it, and the furniture would have to be sold by auction. Sara wondered that her aunt did not fix upon a residence, and she feared all would be scuffle and bustle when they came to leave.

But Bettina Davenal had been fixating upon one—for that was London. Never willingly did Bettina Davenal forego a duty, however unpalatable it might be, and she did believe it to be her duty to follow the fortunes of Caroline, and not abandon her entirely to the mercy of her imprudent, thoughtless husband. To quit Hallingham, the home of her whole life, would be a cruel trial; but—she thought she ought to do so. And she bestowed a few bitter words upon the absent Mark for inducing the necessity. Even allowing that his glowing prospects were realized, Miss Davenal believed that he would spend every shilling in folly, as his father did before him, never thinking of what he had to pay to Sara for the next five years. It was necessary that somebody should look after Mark, and there was nobody but her to do it.

And accordingly Miss Bettina set about her plans. If there was one quality she was distinguishable for above all others, it was obstinacy. Obstinate she was at all times, but in the cause of right or duty she could be unflinchingly so. Watson, the former upper-maid, was established in her new situation as housekeeper in the house of business in St. Paul's Churchyard, and Miss Davenal wrote to her and requested her to look out for a house or for a portion of one, and let her know about it. Mr. and Mrs. Gray had taken a house in Grosvenor Place, facing the Green Park, and Miss Davenal wished to be as near to them as her pocket would allow.

Watson attended to her commission. She thought that part of a handsome house would be more suitable to Miss Davenal's former position than the whole of an inferior one, and she did her best. Miss Davenal found it, as you have seen, in the next, come forward also. The greater

anything but handsome; but she had little notion of the price asked in London, and she had named Weston as to the house-sets she was to offer.

Neal was sent up to London with the furniture, which had been warehoused for so many years; and when he returned to Hallingham, Davenal took his place in London. Discharged by Mr. Gray, who had not chosen to take country service with her, she had been re-engaged by Miss Davenal, whose modest household was henceforth to comprise only Davenal and Neal. Miss Davenal would not part with Neal if she could help it; but she had been surprised at the man's ready agreement to stay in so reduced an establishment.

And so, before things were quite in readiness for them, Miss Davenal and Neal had come up. The furniture in the house at Hallingham was being prepared for public sale, and as they hastened away, not to witness the desecration. How coldly and shilly this new house struck upon its camet-robe. His feet are protected by sandals attached by cords; but he also puts on light gallets. He takes neither rifle, nor pistol, nor powder. His only weapon is a club of wild olive or tamarisk four or five feet long, and terminating in a very heavy knob. The party do not start until they have ascertained from travellers, or caravans, or from messengers sent forward for that purpose, where a large number of ostriches are collected at one point. These birds are generally met with in places where there is a good deal of grass, and where rain has recently fallen. According to the Arabs, whenever the ostrich sees the lightning flash and a thunderstorm coming on, it immediately hastens in that direction, however distant it may be; for it thinks nothing of going ten days on the stretch. In the desert it is proverbially said of a man who is particularly careful in tending his flocks and supplying them with what is necessary, that 'he is like the ostrich—where he sees the lightning flash, he is there.'

"Each hunter should take only one woolen or cotton shirt, and one pair of woolen trousers. He winds round his neck and ears a kind of this stuff called in the desert *knouf*, and fastens it with his camet-robe. His feet are protected by sandals attached by cords; but he also puts on light gallets. He takes neither rifle, nor pistol, nor powder. His only weapon is a club of wild olive or tamarisk four or five feet long, and terminating in a very heavy knob. The party do not start until they have ascertained from travellers, or caravans, or from messengers sent forward for that purpose, where a large number of ostriches are collected at one point. These birds are generally met with in places where there is a good deal of grass, and where rain has recently fallen. According to the Arabs, whenever the ostrich sees the lightning flash and a thunderstorm coming on, it immediately hastens in that direction, however distant it may be; for it thinks nothing of going ten days on the stretch. In the desert it is proverbially said of a man who is particularly careful in tending his flocks and supplying them with what is necessary, that 'he is like the ostrich—where he sees the lightning flash, he is there.'

"The start is made in the morning. At the end of one or two days' march, when the hunters have arrived near to the spot where they were told to look for ostriches, and where tracks are observable, they halt and bivouac. On the morrow, two intelligent servants, stripped to the skin, and wearing nothing but a handkerchief round their loins, are sent forward to reconnoitre. They take with them a goat-skin bag suspended from the side, and a small quantity of bread, and walk on until they come upon the ostriches, which usually keep to the high ground. As soon as they have sighted them they lie down, and observe their movements; and then, while one remains, the other returns to the camp, and says that he has seen thirty, forty, sixty ostriches. It is alleged that troops to that number are really to be met with.

"At certain times, and especially when matting, the ostriches are seldom found more than three or four couples together. Guided by the man who has brought the information, the hunters advance cautiously in the direction of the ostriches, and, on nearing the hillock on which the birds were sighted, they use every precaution to avoid being seen. Having at length reached the last inequality of ground that affords them any sort of cover, they dismount, and two scouts crawl forward to make sure that the birds are still in the same place. If these bring confirmation of the former tidings, each rider gives his horse a small draught of the water brought on a camel's back, for it is rare to find a place where water is to be had. The baggage is piled up where the halts take place, without any one being left to watch it, so certain are they of being able to retrace their steps to the identical spot. She started up with a scream. Believing that the lady before her was safe at Hallingham, perhaps the scream was excusable.

"Aunt, is it really you? Whatever brings you in London?"

Miss Bettina neglected the question to survey the room again. She had surveyed the hall as she came in; she caught a glimpse of another room at the back: all fitted up fit for a duke and duchess.

"Where's Mark Gray?" she cried.

"Mark has been gone out ages ago, aunt. He is deep in business now. The operations have begun."

"Who took this house?" grimly asked Miss Bettina.

"I and Mark."

"And what did the furniture cost?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't think Mark has had the bills in yet. Why, aunt?"

"Why?" returned the indignant lady, in a blaze of anger. "You and your husband are one of two things, Caroline: swindlers or idiots. If you think that strong language, I cannot help it."

"Aunt Bettina!" echoed the startled girl, "whatever are you saying?"

"The truth," solemnly replied Miss Bettina.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HUNTING THE OSTRICH.

The following exciting narrative is taken from a work by the French General Daumas, on the *Sahara*. The once famous Emir Abd-el-Kader has given the general benefit of his long experience with the tribes of the desert, so that the accuracy of the details cannot be questioned.

"In the desert there are two principal modes of hunting the ostrich—on horseback and in ambush. There is, indeed, a third method, which is only a modification of the second, and consists in killing the bird while drinking at a stream of water.

"The true sport is on horseback. Watching

for the bird is no better than taking a sitting

shot with us. The former is a noble and a royal pastime, the latter is only fit for a common fellow or a pensioner. It is not enough to kill; the thing is, to run the bird down. For this purpose the general sort of education given to a horse will not suffice. A special preparation is required, just as a race-horse needs a particular training for some days previous to the contest. Seven or eight days before a hunting expedition both grass and straw are entirely stopped, and nothing but barley given. The horse is watered only once a day, at sunset, when the water begins to get cool; and he is then washed all over. He is taken out for a long ride every day, now walking, now galloping; during which time the rider carefully ascertains that nothing is wanting to the equipment proper for the purpose. At the end of these seven or eight days, say the Arabs, the belly disappears; while the neck, chest, and croop, show firm flesh. The animal is then ready to endure the fatigue. This special training is called *stamina*.

"The most favorable season for this sport is during the great heats of summer. The higher the temperature the less energy does the ostrich

have. (See "The Hounds of the Sahara." By R. Douman. Allan & Co. 1862.)

persons to defend itself. The Arabs describe the exact period by saying that it is when a man, standing upright, casts a shadow no longer than the sole of his foot. Ostrich hunting implies a regular expedition, lasting over seven or eight days. It requires preparatory arrangements, which are concerted by ten or a dozen horsemen,

bound in 'a knot' as for a race. Each hunter is accompanied by a servant, called a *assouad*, who is mounted on a camel that carries, besides, four goat-skin bags filled with water, barley for the horse, wheaten flour, another kind of flour parched, dates, a pot to boil the food in, leather thongs, a needle, and a lot of horse-shoes and nails.

"Each hunter should take only one woolen

or cotton shirt, and one pair of woolen trousers. He winds round his neck and ears a kind of this stuff called in the desert *knouf*, and fastens it with his camet-robe. His feet are protected by sandals attached by cords; but he also puts on light gallets. He takes neither rifle, nor pistol, nor powder. His only weapon is a club of wild olive or tamarisk four or five feet long, and terminating in a very heavy knob. The party do not start until they have ascertained from travellers, or caravans, or from messengers sent forward for that purpose, where a large number of ostriches are collected at one point. These birds are generally met with in places where there is a good deal of grass, and where rain has recently fallen. According to the Arabs, whenever the ostrich sees the lightning flash and a thunderstorm coming on, it immediately hastens in that direction, however distant it may be; for it thinks nothing of going ten days on the stretch. In the desert it is proverbially said of a man who is particularly careful in tending his flocks and supplying them with what is necessary, that 'he is like the ostrich—where he sees the lightning flash, he is there.'

"As soon as they come upon ostrich tracks,

the hunters examine them closely. If they appear only in the form of patches here and there,

DROWNED.

We are wretched and we are sinking,
We are lost, I heard them say,
But of what could they be thinking?
 "Is not 'lost' to pass away—
Gently, painlessly, together,
 Thus to feel our souls flow out
 Into calmer, better weather,
 All secure from further rest.
I can see the boats yet, gazing
 Very little on the wind,
 Our stems some forms are straining
 After dear ones left behind.
 If 'twere thus with thou and I, love,
 One had gone and one been left,
 Then the living could but die, love,
 And the dying be bereft.
But thou wouldst not, couldst not leave me,
 Since there was but room for one,
 And the billows would upheave me
 Did I leave thee here alone.

I am happy, for thy fingers
 Round my neck respond so twine,
 These art happy while death lingers
 With thy heart at rest on mine.
I, the stronger, grew despairing
 When this danger first seemed nigh,
 For I could not bear my darling
 Such a dreadful death should die;
But she sweetly, brightly, cheered me
 As an angel might and would,
 And the peril as it neared thee,
 Seemed to grow like thee, all good.
We can feel the waters singing,
 Cold and heavy, in our ears;
 And upon them, quick upspringing,
 We can see all bygone years;
And know that in the brightest
 We never were so blest
 As now, when clinging tightest,
 We come to near our rest.

Life seems so nearly ended,
 Its cares all pass away,
 Like rain-drops rainbow blended,
 We scarcely need to pray;
But spend in deep thanksgiving
 What yet remains of time,
 To Him, who, in thus giving
 Our love, made death sublime.

That's right, cling closer, sweetest,
 I will not let thee go,
 Thou shalt not die till I do,
 Through death come swift or slow;
I feel his touch upon thee,
 His breath is on thy cheek,
 And not on thee, love, only,
 Thy voice is growing weak.
And I can scarcely hold thee,
 But will, unto the last,
 Mine arms shall still enfold thee
 Till death be overpast.

They face grows strangely radiant,
 Our last warm breath is o'er,
 Good-bye, sweet, for an instant,
 Then part we nevermore.

RADDIE.

LORD LYNN'S WIFE.

CHAPTER XIV.

CROSS PURPOSES.

When Lord Lynn, within half an hour of his proposals to Aurelia Darcy having been accepted by that lady, and sanctioned in due form by her father, reached Stoke, he found, as he had expected, that the Squire was out. As he had expected, also, Mrs. Mainwaring and her oldest daughter were at home, and with them the visitor was soon engaged in conversation, and doing his best to appear thoroughly careless, high in spirits, and light of heart—the more so, perhaps, because the task of announcing his engagement seemed less easy and agreeable than he had been used to fancy it might be. Hastings Wyvill—he was more accustomed to think of himself under the old name, and the old circumstances, than as the new hereditary legislator and owner of Hollingsley—was a popular man with women; none the less so, perhaps, because his manner, though marked by a certain undefinable tone of chivalric courtesy, was free from awkwardness or shyness, the worst faults, in eyes feminine, that a man can possess; but now he felt awkward, and in a measure guilty, in presence of his kinswomen, and rattled on to hide his embarrassment, laughing and talking much more than was his custom, and watching for an opportunity to mention his betrothal as if it had been a mere commonplace, every-day affair, of no especial importance.

This game of the concealment of emotions, however, is one in which men and women do not play on equal terms. A woman—who can herself endure torments to which the fox beneath the tunic of the mythical Spartan boy affords but a tame resemblance, smiling serenely the while under the prying eyes of twenty dear female friends—is not to be hoodwinked by the exaggerated acting of a clumsy male; unless, indeed, she be in love, when her natural fine perceptions will be somewhat confused. Thus it fell out that, while Lucy merely thought her soldier-cousin a little more excited and animated than usual, Mrs. Mainwaring saw how the young man's talk was foreign to what was uppermost in his mind, and that he was manifestly desirous to say something, but perplexed as to how it should be said. Now, Mrs. Mainwaring had a sincere liking for Lord Lynn, as the chief of her own name and kin—for was she not herself a Wyvill by blood—as a gallant, high-hearted English gentleman, whose rank, and fortune, and character, combined to render him most eligible as a son-in-law. In spite of occasional qualms of doubt, Mrs. Mainwaring firmly believed in Lord Lynn's attachment to Lucy. A mother, seeing the visitor's evident agitation, could not be blamed, under the circumstances, for drawing from that agitation a favorable augury for her daughter's happiness, since she was quick-sighted enough to have remarked Lucy's innocent pleasure in her kinswoman's company. No need Mrs. Mainwaring be classed among the more mercenary of match-makers, if she suddenly remembered a most important interview impending with the gardener, sprayer of the geraniums to be kept alive through winter in the conservatory, and left the young folks alone.

Five minutes before Mrs. Mainwaring's departure, Lord Lynn had beenidgetting and longing that she might be called away. He could tell all that need be told, he thought, to Lucy, so much more plausibly than to her parents. She was his little friend, his sister—he had great maternal streaks in that fact—and would understand him at once; young people understood each other by far the best. But such is the sad inconsistency of human nature, that Mrs. Mainwaring gone, and the coast clear, Lord Lynn began to regret her absence, and to feel conscious, in a sort of purblind way, that Lucy might not relish the part of confidante which he had so cavalierly assigned to her. And you, why not? She was a dear little thing, and had been much more disposed to hearken to his tales of flood and field, of prairie, and desert, and yellow Nile, and stormy seas, than he to dilate on the dangers he had confronted; for the guardian was almost shrinking away from anything that sounded like vaunting or self-praise. So, she would—the most take an interest in this, the most momentous step in a life.

Off he went with a plunge, like a whale into a herring-net.

"Lucy," he began, drawing his chair nearer to that in which she sat, busy with her tapestry-work—"Lucy, you and I are very good friends, and cannot help caring. I am sure for whatever concerns each other's happiness. I have something to say to you."

And to help the delivery of that something, the declaration of which seemed to stick in his throat somehow, he took his cousin Lucy's hand in the old cousinly way, half frank, half playful, and looked into her face. Lucy looked down; her color deepened; and she could not help beginning to tremble very much, angry as she felt with herself for trembling. But Lord Lynn was blinded by his own feelings—by the absurd sublime egotism of a man who is in love, and he saw nothing. On he went.

"When I came here to-day, I meant to speak what was on my mind before your mother, Lucy dear, and put things in a clear light; but I could not get the words out. So I was not sorry when Mrs. Mainwaring went, because then I could tell you all about it; and I knew you would be glad, or at least?" (for here some instinct seemed to intervene and warn the speaker he was wrong)—"at least, for my sake, you would be interested in what I have decided to do."

Lucy did not say a word; she sat with burning cheeks and downcast eyes, listening for more; her little hand in Lord Lynn's grasp was hot and cold by turns, and it trembled like a frightened bird. She was not to blame if she misconstrued his meaning; Mrs. Mainwaring, bustling among her flower-pots, and pluming herself on her tact in leaving the supposed admiring suain to pour his eyes into the ear of the beloved object, was in exactly the same error.

"Marriage is a serious thing, a serious step, I mean, for a man to take, and I have not been hasty in making my mind up." Lord Lynn blundered on; "but I am fairly in love at last—don't laugh at me for confessing it—and in love, I am sure, with the only woman I ever saw with whom I could be thoroughly happy, who realises everything I could have dreamt of—beautiful, good, clever, talented beyond any girl I ever met—much too pretty, and much too clever for me."

"Oh, no, no, no!" murmured Lucy, softly, but without looking up—"not clever at all, I hasten to add."

And here she stopped short. There was not a doubt, not the shadow of a misgiving, in Lucy's mind; but the remembrance that the proprieties forbade a young lady to give herself before she had been asked in plain words, put a padlock on her lips. She had nearly been startled into a modest disclaimer of the extravagant lassitude which her lover seemed to be heaping upon her. Pretty she was, and good she tried to be, succeeding well enough to satisfy every one but herself; but she was not by any means a genius or brilliantly accomplished, and she could not help entering her simple protest against such undeserved praise, sweet as praise was from the man she loved. She stopped, blushing like a rose, and averted her face, Lord Lynn was too much taken up with his own ideas to interpret the gesture aright.

"Not clever at all!" he exclaimed almost angrily; "my dear Lucy, where are your eyes except you? But you must know that she is as wise and gifted as she is lovely, you who have been so much in her company. This is some silly girlish pique or quarrel, of which I thought too well of my little sister to have believed her capable, between you and Aurelia Darcy, which causes—"

Lucy started with a quick convulsive motion,

as if she had been stung by a wasp, and she snatched her hand away from him, with an inarticulate cry of actual pain, then turned her sweet crimsoned face, and honest bright brown eyes full upon him as she asked bravely, but with a quivering lip:

"You spoke just now of—of your affection for—for somebody, and—and it is Aurelia Darcy—Aurelia Darcy—to whom you are about to be married?"

"Certainly," her cousin began; "whom else could you imagine?" but then stopped in his turn, at the sight of the ghastly pain and anguish stamped on the pretty kind young face opposite to him. He saw at last that Lucy was fighting with an overpowering grief and agitation, that her blushed had given place to a blanched pallor, and that her sweet little face was quite drawn, and pinched, and wan with a great suffering, while her breath came in gasps. Then she hid her face like a true woman, and in an agony of sorrow, shame, misery, blinded by tears, and stifled by sobs, hurried out of the room.

Lord Lynn sprang from his chair.

"Lucy," he cried; "Lucy, you crying, dear! I never meant—"

And he tried to catch her hand, but she shrank from him and passed out, and he was left alone. He paced the room, much perturbed. The brave gentleman felt as much ashamed as if he had been doing something cowardly and base. He would have given much, very much indeed, that this had never been. He was no coxcomb to fancy all women in love with him, but Lucy's reception of his tidings could admit of but one solution. And his own accursed idiotic blundering, he thought, had brought this about. He had never intended this. He had fondly thought that he might establish Lucy Mainwaring on the footing of a dear sister, and that she would never feel a brotherly affection for him. He forgot that cousins are not sisters, and that we have no right to think we can set nature at defiance by our self-constituted relationship. Mr. Superintendent Martin told me to keep dark—you un-

he possible wife; but then, man-like, he had fanned that the initiative belonged exclusively to himself, and that until he should choose to transform himself into a lover, Lucy's imagination must remain inert. He had never chosen to acknowledge to himself that his situation, his profession, might be misinterpreted, and that he might have won the girl's innocent heart, merely to wounding pain it.

"I wish this had never happened. I would—

"I would—" muttered Lord Lynn, pacing furiously to and fro; angry with himself, remorseful, out to the heart of the stab he had given to that poor little bosom of the good true-hearted girl, whose innocence he knew as well as any one knew it. There was no tinge of vanity, such as egoists feel at winning a woman's love enough, to mingle with Lord Lynn's regret. The words he had begun to say, but had checked himself in saying, for his conscience was more alien to his nature than anything else, were the obscure thoughts that swelled up in his breast: "I would cut off my right hand, if by so doing I could undo the past, and make Lucy forget all."

And at the moment he would have done it, so genuine was his remorse. He walked to and fro. He almost wished he had never seen Aurelia. He wished he had never come home; had gone on as he should have done, had his father lived, to the East. He could never be Lucy's friend again, of course; never meet her trusting eyes again—never, never, never. But he had injured her. What should he do? Should he see her mother, should he explain, express his sorrow? No—thousand times no. It would make bad worse—turn an injury into an insult. So he left the house, and very sadly and slowly, and with a heavy heart and head, that was never once turned back, an old, towards the friendly dwelling he had quitted, he rode away. From beneath her shadow-blind, Lucy's eyes, dim and dark with tears, watched him as he rode away. He did not see her. He did not know she was looking after him as he went, so she could indulge herself so far, poor little thing. But how she blamed herself for her folly in betraying what she felt. He looked and as he rode down the avenue, and she felt glad of that, and then took herself to task for feeling glad. He was nothing to her now. He was Aurelia Darcy's betrothed husband. And yet Lucy watched him depart, sore wounded by her simple loving heart had been. But it was not his fault—not his fault at all.

And when Mrs. Mainwaring, bitter in her disappointment and indignation, feeling her daughter's anguish in her own motherly breast, smart for smart, was scornful and wrathful in her denunciation of her kinswoman—with whom, however, she had now done for ever, and who did well to marry a Manchester man, since the artful minx had angled for his son—Lucy sat quite pale and still. But when the Squire, much moved, gruffly said that he had "loved Lynn as his own son, and would have been glad to have him as a son-in-law, but not for his title and estate, since if he had been Colonel Wyvill, with nothing but his pay, it would have been all one"—before he knew him for a rogue—playing fast and loose with a girl like his, the Squire's, Lucy.

Lucy said sadly:

"Don't be unjust, papa. He never said a word of love to me. It was all my foolish mistake. It is not his fault, indeed."

CHAPTER XV.

A HARD BARGAIN.

"Is your master at home, young man?"

"And what, pray, do you want with my master?"

Thus ran the brief and brisk exchange of query and counter-query on the part of Thomas, Mr. Darcy's London-bred footman, who had hastily donned his coat of state on hearing a sharp, imperious peal at the door-bell, and the person by whom that peal had been rung. The latter was a little wily fellow, about forty years of age, dressed in a second-hand black suit, a tulip white neckcloth, and a very new hat, the gloss and shine of which article of attire made the shabbiness of the rest of the raiment more conspicuous than would otherwise have been the case. Thomas eyed this pseudo-ecclesiastical costume with scornful suspicion, identifying it with tracts, boggling-letters, forged testimonials, and an urgent appeal to subscribe towards the wearer's passage as a missionary to the Tonga Islands. Nor was the countenance of that wearer much to the taste of the experienced town-bred servitor. For if Game Dick had looked a villain in his dirty suit of slop-shop clothes, smeared with every variety of mud and dust between Wakefield and Warwick, he looked unutterably villainous in his rusty black, with a hypocritical air of sober sanctimoniousness overlying his natural audacity of expression.

"I've particular business with Squire Darcy. Is he at home, if you please?" said Game Dick, shuffling his foot about, and feeling uneasy in his Berlin gloves. The disguise that he had put on was not of his own selection, and he felt awkward in it. As a sporting-farmer, a draper, a horse-dealer, poulter, Jew-clothesman, or smock-frocked countryman, he could have played his part well, as he had done in many a taproom and skittle-alley; but this semi-clerical costume which he had donned when outvoted in solemn council of war by his allies the Browns, was one that went against the grain with him. Accordingly, he acted ill, muffling and mouthing his words in a way that would have disgusted a less suspicious person than Thomas. The latter took a steady survey of the man's crooked face, his red-rimmed eyes, and rat-like face, and resolved to get rid of him at once.

"Now, my man, you've no right to come to this door at all, and the sooner you are off the grounds the better for you. I know your little game very well, but I shall not take in tracts, nor subscription lists, nor none of that gammon. Mr. Darcy's not at home, and wouldn't see you if he was; so make yourself scarce, will you?"

All the varnish of Game Dick's affected sanctimonious cracked in a moment, and a broad grin replaced it. He had told the Browns how it would be. He was a true prophet; and his superior knowingness being vindicated, he could play the trump-card he held in reserve. Up went one of his gloved forefingers, wagging in the air in that well-known professional style at which he and his like had trembled ever since he matriculated in the thievish quarter of a northern manufacturing town long years ago. And he winked at Thomas as he said in a low whisper: "Look here; I'm on time, I am. I've come from the police, we have, about that job of the reward—that pistol business. Mr. Superintendent Martin told me to keep dark—you un-

derstood?" And then came a succession of nods on full of suppressed meaning as that of Lord Berleigh in the *Orbit*.

Thomas was converted in an instant. His new meaning extraordinary in the man's usually countenance, now his onward was told. The Servants' Hall at Boscobel was divided in opinion on the results of the late pursuit after the would-be assassin, and the footman himself had a bet that the hat found was not that of the fugitive; and thus the latter had never been discovered at all, but had got off scot-free to America or elsewhere. And this visitor's crossed hat and vagabond mien corroborated the idea that he was really a spy or agent of the police which latter body of guardians of order must sometimes work with queer tools, as Thomas was aware.

"That's another affair," said he civilly—"quite a different thing. I took you—but never mind. Has anything fresh turned up about the missing fellow?" And here Thomas gave quite a rage, for the idea of possessing the influence of fresh information with which to galvanise the servants of Boscobel quite overthrew his equanimity.

Game Dick shook his head. "I'm sworn not to let out nothing, and it's as much as my place is worth, young man, to blow a word of the superintendent's business. One thing I will say: we know what we know, and queer things may come out, so don't you be surprised if there's a grand trial in the papers, and action comes coming down to take the place of Boscobel-Hall. I can't wait. Is the governor in?"

"No, he really isn't. He's gone to the brougham to Sir Joseph's," was the answer.

Game Dick affected great disappointment, although no one could have been better aware of Mr. Darcy's absence from home than he, considering that he had lain hid for hours among the laurels of the plantation, with his keen eyes ever on the gravel-drive. However, he recovered himself, and asked if Miss Darcy were at home, and if so, whether she would condescend to see Mr. Brown, sent by Superintendent Martin. Dick Flowerdew used the name of Brown as being known to Aurelia, and Thomas doing the errand without much hesitation, came back to usher the emissary of the police into Aurelia's presence.

Miss Darcy stood, sternly beautiful, beside one of the windows of the Pink Drawing-room, and Game Dick, who had heard her described but had never seen her, winced somewhat as his saucy eyes drooped before the calm pride in her gaze. His experience of women comprised many varieties of character, but never had he seen one like this, and for a moment he wished he had not volunteered to be the spokesman of the gang; but he was committed now, and must go through with it. Aurelia, on the other hand, was also surprised. The name of Brown had misled her, and now she scarcely knew what to think. The man's face was that of a knave, but perhaps he was merely one of the inferior myrmidons of the law.

"Mr. Darcy, steady, sternly beautiful, and he came to order some refreshments for this

—for Mr. Brown, who will be returning to Warkworth almost immediately. I will ring again."

Thomas bowed and withdrew. Aurelia went on unselfed: "You require a large sum, I suppose, to arrange matters on a pleasant footing. He long as you are civil and obliging, I have not the slightest objection to your profiting by what chance has given you; but I shall not pay beforehand, or the temptation to betray my trust might be too great. You are aware, I dare say, that I am about to be married—and to whom? Very good. When I am Lady Lynn, and when the person you allude to is removed to a place where he can be properly cared for, I will pay you a sum equal to the reward offered."

Dick shook his cropped head—"Not enough!"

"Then I add a hundred. Eight hundred pounds is what I offer, now will I give more. I shall be of age before the day fixed for my wedding, and draw out so large a sum without exciting remark. That now, would be impossible; but I will pay fifty pounds in gold on Tuesday next to your friend Mrs. Brown. I am going over to Blanchminster on that day, and will hand the money to her when the carriage stops at the turnpike. For the rest, you must be content to wait two months, or perhaps three, till my arrangements can be made. Stay, and she lifted her hand with a slight gesture of warning, which was not lost on the shrewd fellow before her—"stay, I know perfectly well what you wish to say, but it is wise not to say it. You cannot frighten me—you cannot do me a real injury. What do you know of me? I tell nothing but this, that I have taken a plying interest in an unfortunate person, whose relatives I once knew, and whom I desire to properly care for, and to keep out of harm's way, and from the disgrace of a public exposure of his afflicted state. That is all. And remember, I alone saw the man who fired the pistol—I alone could furnish evidence to convict him; and if he be found 'Not guilty,' what becomes of your reward? Go against me, and your reward will be a prison. Serve me faithfully, and I may probably not limit my recompence to the amount I spoke of just now. Are you satisfied?"

Game Dick was disconcerted for once. His quick wit enabled him, point by point, to drink in this merciless logic, so cold and clear, so emphasised by the steady look of those fathomless gray eyes that he could no more read than if they had been those of a sphinx. He made his bow, looked down at the carpet, and uttered a gruff imprecation on his own head if he should do anything in the matter without "her ladyship's leave."

"Then that is all that need be said," Aurelia remarked, as she glided to the fireplace, and

MY UNCLE'S LEG.

My own name is a very common one, and would afford little distinction to the reader in the way of identity as did that of a certain historical character whom I once met with in a railway carriage. "Sir," said he, when I quoted his company at a provincial station one hundred and forty miles north of the metropolis, "I am glad to have seen you; I am charmed to have made your acquaintance; my name is Smith; and whenever you come my way—I live at Galloway—I shall be most delighted to see you." Bearing this address in mind, I further purposed to introduce my humble self in the narrative, which, moreover, does not concern the present writer, except in a secondary degree. The individual to whom it mainly relates is my maternal uncle, Hector Stuart Macdonald, sometime of Galloway, Esquire, but recently of Tartan Villas, Caledonia Road, N., whose patrician is a passport anywhere. The latter locality he doubtless chose for his residence, after his retirement from active service, by reason of his nominal association with his native land; and if it be sarcastically inquired why he did not return to his native land itself, I reply, because he couldn't. A musket-ball had taken a lodging in the skin-bone of his left leg, or somewhere thereabout, at the battle of Alwal, and had declined to be ejected ever since; this forbade the gallant captain's locomotion, and I hope (in charity) exasperated his temper, which must otherwise have been by nature extremely bad.

At times, when he was free from pain, he was merely hasty and passionate; but during a paroxysm, Uncle Hector behaved like the Grand Turk. I speak in respect alone of the whirlwind of wrath in which he engrossed himself; his behavior to females being always distant, if not respectful, to an extreme degree. He had never married—never been such a fool as to marry, was his own manner of expressing it—and when my father and mother died, he offered me a home for his life, and a competence afterwards, if I should only behave myself like a man who had the Macdonald blood in his veins. Now, nothing could seem kinder than such an invitation as this to me, who did not understand the condition, and I accepted it with fervor. But then so much was expected of a Macdonald. To submit to be sworn at by the head of the clan, and to listen with patience to the achievements of his ancestors, to have to provide one's self with every amusement at fivepence per week—for what little money I had was in my uncle's keeping—to be within doors at nine in summer, and at six in winter, unless by special leave and license; all this was bitter and irksome enough to a young gentleman of eighteen, who fancied himself quite old enough to be his own master, and who had also some natural spirit, although it might not be neat Macdonald—that genuine, unadulterated Mountain Dew. Nobody can tell how tired I got of the praises of that liquid. Good blood, as a conversational topic, is about as interesting to a person who does not possess much of it, as the laudation of London Stout would be to a toestander.

"Whatever good or great thing has ever been done in this country, be sure of this, boy," quoth Uncle Hector, "a Macdonald has been the main-spring. Moreover," he would continue, "I am inclined to think that more eminent persons have come out of Galloway than from any other country in Great Britain."

To this I could only answer, "Indeed," passing, as Bradshaw has it, "no information" about that district, except that it produced a certain breed of horses, good of their kind, but not remarkable as winners of the Derby or St. Leger.

This "Indeed," delivered, I am afraid, with an intentional dryness, would go straight as an arrow to my Uncle Hector's game leg, and produce a paroxysm. Whether owing to the frequency of these conversations or not, I cannot tell, but the limb got worse and worse, and a jury of doctors being impaled to sit upon it, delivered it in their opinion that the offending member should be cut off. This verdict the brave old captain received with the greatest coolness; and when the operation took place, declined to be doctored with chloroform, or any such offensives method of shirking pain, but watched the whole proceedings, not with stoicism indeed, but with a sort of affectionate interest. One of the medical gentlemen was about to convey the leg away, doubtless for the purposes of science; but my uncle, who had never lost sight of it, bade him let it be, in a voice extremely out of character with a patient suffering from a recent amputation.

"No limb of a Macdonald shall be treated with indignity by a bowbones," observed my uncle, when we were left together in company with the precious relic; "and it will be your task, my boy, to see it layed in the burial-ground of our common ancestors."

"I'm not to take it to Galloway!" cried I, in undignified alarm.

"But that you certainly are, sir, and without twenty-four hours' delay," returned the patient, with energy. "Why, thousand thunders, to hear your tone of astonishment, one would think Galloway was at the antipodes."

I did not think that, but I certainly had no very accurate idea as to where it was; and not venturing to say so, I took an early opportunity of looking at the map to discover its exact locality. And here my difficulties began, for look where I would, there was no such place as Galloway in all broad Scotland through. There was a Mull of Galloway, it is true, but that sounded like a mistake of some kind; while, as far carrying Uncle Hector's leg in a brown-paper parcel, all that enormous distance, for the sake of throwing it into the sea—for that was where the Mull seemed to be located—it was really too ridiculous an undertaking. Being totally unable to clear up this matter myself, and fearing to inquire concerning it of my trusty relative, I called upon a young friend who happened to be reading hard for a Civil Service examination, and therefore would, I knew, be possessed of all sorts of out-of-the-way information, to learn what had become of Galloway. He gave me to understand that that important province, so famed in ancient individuals, had been created, divided through jealousy, from the list of counties, and was now divided into Kirkcudbright and Winton.

The burial-place of our family is in the neighbourhood of Bannockburn," observed my uncle, as I sat in his chamber that same evening, indulging in the hope that he had repented of his monstrous resolution. "It is a grand old spot by the desolate sea-shore, very different from your high-and-mighty London cemeteries, that seem to mock loss of mortality than of manhood." Miles and continents apart, I could not have buried my leg down here—in a hulking mound—such a mark he on

sense that it will cost you to go to Scotland; while the coster to a man of family is adopting the latter course is unpredictable. You will travel by third class, of course; the train starts at 9.15 from Euston Square to-morrow night, and you may be back again at Tartan Villas by Thursday. I shall give you a ten-pound note, of the expenditure of which you will render me an account, and then you and I shall live economically for the next week or two. It is a sacrifice, however, to the honor of the family, which I shall never regret."

This was not, however, by any means the view that I myself entertained of the matter. Even supposing the honor of my uncle's family was preserved by such a proceeding, why was I to be sacrificed to it? When my poor father had the misfortune to blow his little finger off, out shooting, one September, in Shropshire, he did not send me to Kennel Green to see it inferred. Why, according to this system, should many accidents involving loss of limb happen to a person of lineage, his burial expenses would form a very serious item in his yearly accounts. It would be really wrong to give way to my uncle's exaggerated notions upon this subject. Besides, it was winter, and ten hours' night-journey by rail, followed by nobody knew how many hours by some Galloway conveyance, drawn by an animal peculiar to the district, and not celebrated for speed, was a very serious consideration. Moreover, the ten-pound note might be spent in a manner infinitely more gratifying to my feelings, and not less so, since he would never know anything about it, to those of my relative. Thus I reasoned with myself, not unnaturally, perhaps, but certainly with dishonesty and meanness. My uncle's demand was a very selfish one, but my pretence of acquiescence was much more deserving of reprobation. I confess that I played a false and unmanly part in the whole transaction; but I was punished for it, and I punish myself now by relating what I did. Let, therefore, as my respected relative used to express it—Let the flea stick to the wall. On the other hand, it must be conceded, that the mission in question was a most distasteful and unnecessary one, and that ten pounds—which I considered, somehow, as my own property, advanced for once in a decently liberal sum—was a great temptation to one who had to make up a long hiatus of three years of London sight-seeing.

"You can take the omnibus to Euston Square, as you have so little luggage," observed my uncle, as the hour drew nigh for my departure; "but be sure that you never let the carpet-bag that has my leg in it get out of your hands."

"Very well, uncle," returned I, although I did not think that it was an article likely to tempt many fraudulent persons; and accordingly into the bus I stepped, laden with this singular treasure, and feeling like a second Mr. Greenacre. At Euston Square, instead of a ticket to Springfield, the station I was nominally bound for, I took a Hansom cab to a respectable hotel in Covent Garden; and having engaged a bed-room for a night or two, sallied out from thence with my carpet-bag to Waterloo Bridge. It being my intention to bury my uncle's leg in the waters of oblivion.

Now, at first sight, nothing would seem easier than to drop a brown-paper parcel at night over a parapet into the Thames; but, in reality, this is far from being the case. The police are very prying and officious after ten o'clock, P. M., and a man can't carry a little luggage about with him, without exciting their attention. Moreover, they are not all in uniform, and a passenger by whom you may have set down as a mere inquisitive fellow, is as likely as not to be Constable X, with his suspicions, and the strongest professional objections to your conveying human limbs about in a black carpet-bag. I had, however, found a solitary spot, and was about to take my treasure from its casket for the purpose of putting it through the balustrades, when, all of a sudden, it struck me that the horrid thing would float, if not to-day the next day; or if not that, the day after to-morrow, and that it was absolutely necessary to weight it. Now, again, at first sight, nothing would seem easier than to pick up a stone, and use it for this purpose. But where was I to find a stone? I could not pick out a flag from the pavement was ever passed so miserably by any human being before or since; I had plenty of time to make up a narrative to hoodwink simple Uncle Hector. My description of Galloway scenery, culled from the best geographies, almost drew tears into his eyes, it was so graphic. He had fortunately not been in his native land for half a century; and when I went a little wrong in local coloring, he ascribed it to the effects of change. The churchyard by the sea was, of course, a little difficult to describe, and was represented after the Socratic method by question and answer, the former largely predominating. But the aged sexton—a converted piece arranged from *Old Mortality*—was really a great creation, and satisfied Uncle Hector's highest expectations.

"Why, dear me, old David must be—ay, he must be a hundred and two," quoth my uncle, "but he is a hundred and two,"

"He must be every bit of that, sir," said I;

"I never behold any one so venerable."

"There is certainly no place to live in—or to live so long in—as dear old Galloway," sighed the veteran. "It is scarcely worth while to go home for such a little while as I left me upon earth; but see, boy, when I am gone, that the rest of my bones are laid where you have it."

The rest of this dreadful sentence, which had already stung my conscience like a scorpion, was interrupted by one of those newsmen who infest the suburbs.

"Murder—Murder and Mutilation!" screamed he at the top of his voice. "Found in the river Thames, a portion of a human body."

"What is that he's saying?" inquired my uncle with curiosity.

"It's American news," said I; "that's all; the Latest Information."

"I thought he said 'Murder.' Yes, it is murder. Now run out and buy it of him, boy, but be sure you don't give him more than a half-penny."

I bought the broad sheet, but I didn't show it to my uncle, remarking, with the deception that had now also become habitual to me, that the vendor wanted a shilling for it. It had a woodcut of Uncle Hector's limb, but not at all alike; and detailed with great particularity the manner of its separation from death, by means of some blunt instrument, from the body of a lovely female, the rest of whose remains were being diligently sought for by the police. They were already in possession of certain facts which could not fail to bring the perpetrator of this awful crime to justice. In the meantime, the metropolis was aghast with terror, and wild with indignation.

I never moved out of Tartan Villas for the next six weeks. The remark of that policeman: "I shall know you again, young fellow, among thousand, if anything turns up down-stream," rang perpetually in my ears, and gave me influenza, cholic, rashes that might be scarlatina—but which were really produced by a small-tooth comb—and, in short, a succession of such diseases as keep one within doors. At the end of the sixth week, I did venture forth for a day or two, but had a relapse from reading a sensation leader in the *Daily Telegraph*, taunting Sir Richard Mayne with the immunity which the author of the Waterloo Bridge Tragedy had experienced. "The blood of that injured girl," it said, "cried aloud, but in vain, for justice, and for the young man with the black carpet-bag!"

I am thankful to say that Uncle Hector never suspected that he himself was the cause of all this excitement. His leg had multiplied itself into so many limbs before he began to read about it, that a much more suspicious person than he would not have entertained a misgiving. His honest heart would have dismissed the notion that his own flesh and blood—his nephew, not his leg, I mean—could have despoiled him with such success. The evil I had done him wrought this good, that ever afterwards I behaved

more modestly, a tall form, emerging from a room on my left, laid his hand on my shoulder, and invited cheery:

"What, was that, young man, you have just thrown into the river?"

"I'm not old, I'm young, young fellow, among thousand," replied I, with the gravity of Jove.

"Foolish," snatched the policeman dryly, turning his bull's-eye upon my terrified countenance, "and also perhaps not."

"There is nothing that forbids rubbish to be shot here," observed I audaciously.

"And therefore your personal safety is by no means assured," returned the officer grimly. "I shall know you again, young fellow, among thousand; so, if anything turns up down-stream to-morrow morning, look out—that all I say."

That was all he did say, but it was more than enough for me. Here was a charming beginning for my proposed holiday! "If such be the boasted success of stolen pleasure, give me a moderate dose, honestly come by, in its stead," thought I. I had looked forward to going to the theatre at half-price that very night; but I was in no humor now for any description of dramatic performance. If there had been yet a train for the north that night, I verily believe I should have set out for Galloway after all, and buried something or other in the ancestral resting-place, in humble reparation for the wrong which I had done to Uncle Hector.

The next morning was too late for such a course, since even the small deductions of the price of a bed at the hotel and no supper (for appetite I had none) had left my exchequer too impoverished for the journey. The ten-pound note was not adapted for any extras, and the cheap train did not start till night again. There was nothing left for me, therefore, but to enjoy myself. I could not ask a friend to join me in any diversion, because I did not dare let it be known that I was in town; nay, although I knew very few people, wherever I went I was afraid of meeting some acquaintance. I spent a few wretched hours at the Adelphi Gallery, and then wandered into the British Museum. No suicide has, I believe, yet been committed in that national establishment, but let me tell the custodians thereof, that an incident of that description was never neater, happening upon their premises than on the occasion in question. My uncle had obtained leave of absence for me from the house of business in the city where I was engaged daily; and he would have been certain to hear of my not having taken advantage of it, else I would gladly have done my work there as usual, and so passed some of the lingering hours. I did go to the theatre that evening; but before the performance commenced, I caught sight of my friend of the (*in prospect*) Civil Service in the pit, and precipitately left the building. He was taking well-earned recreation in the company of his family after a long day's toll; I was endeavoring to lose in fictitious scenes the consciousness of having deceived my only relative, and thrown his revised leg into the river Thames. I don't suppose a four-days' holiday was ever passed so miserably by any human being before or since; I had plenty of time to make up a narrative to hoodwink simple Uncle Hector. My description of Galloway scenery, culled from the best geographies, almost drew tears into his eyes, it was so graphic. He had fortunately not been in his native land for half a century; and when I went a little wrong in local coloring, he ascribed it to the effects of change. The churchyard by the sea was, of course, a little difficult to describe, and was represented after the Socratic method by question and answer, the former largely predominating. But the aged sexton—a converted piece arranged from *Old Mortality*—was really a great creation, and satisfied Uncle Hector's highest expectations.

George, thus appealed to before a third party, affects a magnificent indifference, snaps his fingers at him with a "pooh!" and vaingloriously calls him a "noisy rascal;" but George is humbugging; he does idolize him, and is a better man for it.

Reader, "our baby," pulling infant as he is, "troublous comfort" as he proves, weak and helpless as he looks—is a very great! A power unknown, before his advent, prevails in the household he blesses. A strength more potent than many evils—he imparts. A messenger from Heaven—is "our baby;" bringing to father-weighty messages from its court; singing in mother's always open ear the melodies that angels sing; the burden whereof is faith! and hope! and love! He is a link—forged in sacred fires—of the unseen and rustless chain which binds man to his Maker; the bow anchor to the barque of Love—the household deity—ministrant of God!—whose tiny arm, with the power of a Titan, stays the wanton steps of that father of many evils—he imparts. Whether written by Lady Caroline or not, the song is simply expressive of her feelings at the time, and as it completely corroborates the circumstances just related, which were the town-talk of the period, though now little more than family tradition, there can be no doubt that they were the origin of the song, the words of which, as originally written, are the following:

"ROBIN ADAIR.

"What's this dull town to me?

"Robin's not near;

"He whom I wish to see,

"Wish for to hear,

"Where's all the joy and mirth?

"Made him a heaven on earth?

"Oh! then there all fed with Robin Adair."

"But now thou art far from me,

"Robin Adair."

"But now I never see Robin Adair."

"Yet I love so well still all my heart shall dwell."

"Robin Adair!"

"What made the ball so fair?

"Robin was there!"

Immediately after his marriage with Lady Caroline, Adair was appointed Inspector-General of Military Hospitals, and subsequently, becoming a favorite of George III., he was made Surgeon-General, King's Sergeant-Surgeon, and Surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. Very fortunate men have seldom many friends, but Adair, by declining a baronetcy that was offered to him by the king for surgical attendance on the Duke of Gloucester, actually acquired considerable popularity before his death, which took place when he was nearly four score years of age, in 1790. In the *"Gentleman's Magazine"* of that year there are verses "On the Death of Robert Adair, Esq., late Surgeon-General, by J. Crane, M. D.," who, it is to be hoped, was a much better physician than a poet.

Lady Caroline Adair's married life was short

and unhappy. She died of consumption, after giving birth to three children, one of them a son. On her deathbed she requested Adair to wear mourning for her as long as he lived; which he scrupulously did, save on the king's and queen's birthdays, when his duty to his sovereign required him to appear in full dress. If this injunction respecting mourning were to prevent Adair marrying again, it had the desired effect; he did not marry a second time, though he had many offers. But I am trenching on the scandalous chronicles of the last century, and must stop. Suffice it to say, Adair seems to have been a universal favorite among both women and men; even Pope Ganiel conceived strong friendship for him when he visited Rome. Adair's only son by Lady Keppel served his country with distinction as a diplomatist, and died in 1855, aged ninety-two years, then being the Right Honorable Sir Robert Adair, G. C. B., the last surviving political and private friend of his distinguished relative Charles James Fox. His memory, though not generally known, has been still enshrined in a popular piece of poetry, for being expressly educated for the diplomatic service at the University of Göttingen, Canning satirized him in "The Rover" as Rogero, the unfortunate student-lover of "Sweet Matilda Potting."

WILLIAM PINKERTON.

"In 'The Grand Magazine of Universal Intelligence' for 1790, the marriage is thus announced:

"February 29th, Robert Adair, Esq., to the Right Honourable the Lady Caroline Keppel."

"If I am stuck up, I ain't proud," said the bottle when he was pinned to the wall.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

7.

Antient and Modern Distances.

We are so accustomed to the marvellous distances of our country that our imagination almost refuses to credit the possibility of noble deeds done on so small a scale of magnitude as suffice to reveal the greatness of ancient Greece. Wide spaces is evidently not needed to develop the activity of even the greatest men, any more than intelligent pre-meditation requires large bodily dimensions. Gibbon must needs remind his reader that Palestine was not much superior in extent to the principality of Wales, doubtless intending to hint that an diminutive a territory could not demand so much consideration for its history as seems to be claimed for it in the Bible. But the skeptical historian would have resented any attempt to cast doubt on the truth of the history or demerits of the great men of Greece, because their activity was all exerted within so narrow a space. Says a writer in the *Christian Examiner*:

"It is hard for us in modern times to adjust our great lenses to the scale of magnitudes on which that marvellous drama was acted out. Thus, by singular good fortune and skill, Athens early succeeds in annexing Eubœa, ten miles off, and Salamis, across an easy ferry, and absorbing into a sort of great township, its continental possessions of twenty-four miles square. But *Ægina*, that lay pleasantly in sight over the bay, was the home of 'alien enemies,' and was only held by the iron hand. *Megara*, at five-and-twenty miles, was the standing pet hostility of Athens; while her most generous act of foreign policy was in steadily upholding *Plataea*, at thirty-five miles, against the hateful predominance of Thebes, at forty.

"The eternal rivalry with Sparta reached over an interval of about as great as that which separated New York from Philadelphia; while the disastrous expedition to Syracuse, which bewildered the Attic imagination no less by the daring of its distance than by the splendor of its equipments, traversed a world of waters rather less than from the Chesapeake to Port Royal. Yet these narrow limits were enough for the great passions of patriotism, ambition, jealousy, and international hate. The intense pride of every Athenian citizen in his own splendid capital, his fond recalling of its generous liberties and its grand memories, in exile or disaster, or times of peril or fear, is familiar to any one who remembers the soldierly summons of Xenophon on his retreat, the touching appeal of Nicias to the forlorn hope at Syracuse, the final tone in Plato's dialogue, or the ringing harangue of Demosthenes when the shadow of Macedon began to darken the pass of Thermopylae.

INDIAN STRATEGY.—A very curious piece of strategy, which took place the other day, shows that the wonders of Cooper's Indian heroes have not ceased. One of the Fourteenth New York Artillery—Seneca Indian, I believe, from the western part of the state—undertook, on a wager, to bring in alive a rebel sharpshooter, who was perched in a tree in front of our line, considerably in advance of his own. His manner of accomplishing this was as ingenious as successful, and rivals the "devilry" of any of the Leather-stockings red-skins. Fearing a quantity of pine boughs, he enveloped him "off with them from head to foot, attaching them securely to a branch, which he lashed lengthwise of his body. When completed he was indistinguishable to a casual observer from the surrounding foliage, and resembled a tree as closely as it was possible for his really artful efforts to render them.

Thus prepared, and with musket in hand, concealed likewise, he stole by almost imperceptible movements to beneath the tree where the sharpshooter was lodged. Here he patiently waited until his prey had emptied his piece at one of our men, when he suddenly brought his musket to bear upon the "reb," giving him no time to reload. The sharpshooter was taken at a disadvantage. To the command to come down he readily assented, when the Indian triumphantly marched him a prisoner into camp and won the wager.—*Petersburg Army Letter*.

A SINGULAR INCIDENT.—Twenty years ago a gentleman of this city resolved to remove out West, and started for his destination. In New York he stopped at a second-class hotel, and while there was robbed of his purse, containing some two thousand dollars in gold. In the course of his peregrinations he was successful, and had forgotten all about his loss, having accumulated a handsome property. When the war broke out he was too old to enlist, but feeling patriotic, he offered his services to Gen. Logan and acted as quartermaster to a brigade. One night, on the march, the army arrived at a small town in Southern Alabama, and, according to orders, he took possession of the inn for general headquarters. While talking with the landlord he discovered that he formerly kept a hotel in New York, and upon pressing his inquiries, found that he was the identical landlord of the house in which he had been robbed. In the course of the evening he arranged a mock court-martial, and brought the landlord before it, charging him, among other things, with the robbery. Much to his surprise the landlord confessed the robbery, and he had his choice to restore the money or die at sunrise. The man received his principal, and all the interest the landlord could afford to pay, in gold, which the gentleman invested in U. S. 7-30 notes.—*Boston Gazette*.

OVER THE FALLS.—Last week two young men, named Winfield Scott and Wm. H. Lawton, both from Camillus, Onondaga county, visited the Cave of the Winds, under Niagara Falls, in charge of a guide. The trip was made successfully until they had gone through and were about to return, when Lawton saw specimens of rock which he desired to secure. To accomplish his object, he proposed to make a short cut through some apparently shallow water, out of the usual course followed by sightseers, but the guide warned him against doing so, and supposed his advice would be heeded. The unfortunate young man waited till the guide had turned his back and then made the rash attempt. In an instant the rapid current took him off his feet, and when his companions looked again he was gone. Up to our last accounts his body had not been found.

The tastes of children are alike all over the world. Girls love something to pet, love and fondle, comb, wash, above all, dress, and—crowning glory and power of motherhood—put to bed. Boys prefer an article with which they can do mischief—a sword, a gun, or a canoe—they like destruction—anything that smokes or smells like gunpowder. As a young friend of mine observed, "If fireworks are no nice, what about a battle?"

Summer Soups.

Physiological research has fully established the fact that colds prevent the separation of the bile from the blood; which is then passed from the system, thus preventing fever, the prevalent disease of summer. All fevers are "bileous," that is the bile is in the blood. Whatever is antagonistic to fever is "cooling." It is a common saying that fruits are "cooling," and also berries of every description; it is because the acidity which they contain aids in separating the bile from the blood, that is, aids in purifying the blood. Hence the great yearning for greens and lettuce, and salads in the early spring, these being eaten with vinegar; hence also the taste for something sour, for lemons, for an attack of fever. But this being the case, it is easy to see, that we nullify the good effects of fruits and berries in proportion as we eat them with sugar, or even sweet milk, or cream. If we eat them in their natural state, fresh, ripe, perfect, it is almost impossible to eat too many, to eat enough to hurt us, especially if we eat them alone, not taking any liquid with them whatever. Hence also buttermilk or even common sour milk is antiseptic. The Greeks and Turks are passionately fond of sour milk. The shepherds use rennet, and the milk dealers aim to make it sour the sooner. Buttermilk acts like water-melons on the system.—*Half's Journal of Health*.

ON THE MARCH.

PLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour is unquoted and drooping. The week's sales reach some 14,000 bbls. in lots of \$1.00 to 10 for low grades and good market. \$1.10 to \$1.15 per barrel for extra flour, \$1.20 to \$1.25 per barrel for flour \$1.15 to \$1.20 per barrel for fancy grade. Rye Flour is selling at \$0.35 to \$0.40 per bbl. Corn Meal is quoted at present with quotations.

GRAIN.—Wheat has been in good request, with sales of about 40,000 bbls. in lots of \$1.00 to 10 for white and colored, \$1.10 to \$1.20 for white and colored in quality. \$1.00 to \$1.10 per bbl. Oats, 25,000 bushels sold at \$1.10. Wheat and store, and oats white at \$1.10 to \$1.20. Oats of 50 bushels have to note at \$0.60 per bushel, closing date 10th of October. Wheat—*Wheat* is quoted at \$1.10 to \$1.20 per bbl. Barley—*Barley* is quoted at \$1.10 to \$1.20 per bbl. Oats—*Oats* is in demand at \$1.00 to \$1.10 per bbl. Eggs are quoted at \$0.10 per dozen.

COTTON.—The market is unquoted and irregular. 500 bales bound buyers, in small lots, at from \$1.00 to \$1.10 per lb. per bale, according to quality, each.

BARE.—The market for Bare hide Quarters was taken at \$3.00 for 1st No. 1.

BEESWAX.—Good yellow is worth \$0.10 to \$0.12 per lb.

COAL.—Prices are unquoted and on the advance. Sales at \$100 to \$100, on board at Richmond.

COFFEE.—The sales are limited to a few small lots and London at \$0.40 to \$0.45, and \$0.45 to \$0.50 per lb.

FEATHERS.—Woolers are worth \$0.60 to \$0.70 per lb.

FRUIT.—The transactions are mostly confined to Apples and Berries, which are arriving and selling more freely.

HAY.—Is quoted at \$0.60 to \$0.70 per bale.

IRON.—The market is quoted from \$0.10 to \$0.12 per lb.

IRON.—The only transactions we hear of are 1000 tons, mostly forge, in lots of \$1.00, and No 1 at \$1.10 per ton, cash. Scotch Pig is held at \$1.00 to \$1.10 per ton, cash.

LEAD.—Sales of 1000 pgs. Gainea is reported at \$17 to \$18 per bbl.

LUMBER.—Is arriving and selling moderately; White Pine is quoted at \$0.10 to \$0.12. Yellow Pine, \$0.12 to \$0.15, and Larch, Hemlock at \$0.14; rafted from dock is closing out at \$1.10 for Scantling, and \$0.50 for Boards.

MOLASSES.—About 500 bbls. Cube sold at \$0.60 per bbl., and \$0.60 for Muscovado, on time.

PLASTER.—Is held at \$0.10 to \$0.12 per lb.

SEEDS.—The sale is 10 lbs. or more of Clover offering, and the dealers are paying \$7 to \$7.50 per bushel for common to prime lots. Timothy—A sale of 2000 bushels is reported at \$17 to \$18 per bushel.

SHIRTS.—Whiskey, the sales are limited at \$1.00 to \$1.20 per bbl.

SUGARS.—Have been quoted and inactive; sales \$0.60 bushels at \$0.60 per bbl. for Cube, on time.

TALLOW.—Is quoted at \$0.10 to \$0.12 per lb.

WOOL.—The market is firm and moderately active; sales of 200,000 lbs. the Place are reported, chiefly at \$1.00 to medium quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head. The prices realized from \$14.00 to \$18.00 per cwt. 5400 Hogs at from \$14.00 to \$15.00 per cwt. Sheep—4500 head were disposed of at from \$1.00 to \$1.25 per lb. 100 Cows brought from \$20 to \$25 per head.

TO CLEAR THE HOUSE OF FLIES.

Use Dutcher's Celebrated

LIGHTNING FLY-KILLER.

a neat, cheap article, easy to use. Every sheet will kill a quart. **SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

FRENCH, RICHARDS & CO., 10th and Market Streets, Philadelphia, wholesale agents.

JOHN B. STODDARD, 10th and Market Streets, Philadelphia, wholesale agents.

CURE FOR COUGH OR COOLD.—As soon as there is the slightest uneasiness of the Chest, with difficulty of breathing, or indications of Cough, taking during the day a few "Brown's Bronchial Tincture." Contains the best and most powerful ingredients. Prevents all forms of irritation. Military Officers and Soldiers should have them in readiness upon the first appearance of a Cold or Cough.

MARRIAGES.

NOTICE.—Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Philadelphia, on the 13th of June, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. William C. Scott, to Miss Mary A. Kennedy, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. W. Leadenham, Mr. Eugene Harrington, to Miss Ann J. N. White, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. George H. Haines, to Miss Sarah C. Benjamim, both of Maryland.

On the 16th of June, by the Rev. Henry A. Cook, Mr. S. Thomas, to Miss Kate R., daughter of the late George R. Cook.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Farny, Mr. Alexander J. Bux, to Miss Mary J. Landeser, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. George H. Haines, to Miss Sarah C. Benjamim, both of Maryland.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. Edward P. Garth, to Miss Sallie V. Garth, both of this city.

On the 20th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. George H. Haines, to Miss Sarah C. Benjamim, both of Maryland.

On the 21st instant, by the Rev. F. T. Farny, Mr. Alexander J. Bux, to Miss Mary J. Landeser, both of this city.

On the 22nd instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. George H. Haines, to Miss Sarah C. Benjamim, both of Maryland.

On the 23rd instant, by the Rev. F. T. Farny, Mr. Alexander J. Bux, to Miss Mary J. Landeser, both of this city.

On the 24th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. George H. Haines, to Miss Sarah C. Benjamim, both of Maryland.

On the 25th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Farny, Mr. Alexander J. Bux, to Miss Mary J. Landeser, both of this city.

On the 26th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. George H. Haines, to Miss Sarah C. Benjamim, both of Maryland.

On the 27th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Farny, Mr. Alexander J. Bux, to Miss Mary J. Landeser, both of this city.

On the 28th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. George H. Haines, to Miss Sarah C. Benjamim, both of Maryland.

On the 29th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Farny, Mr. Alexander J. Bux, to Miss Mary J. Landeser, both of this city.

On the 30th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. George H. Haines, to Miss Sarah C. Benjamim, both of Maryland.

On the 31st instant, by the Rev. F. T. Farny, Mr. Alexander J. Bux, to Miss Mary J. Landeser, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. George H. Haines, to Miss Sarah C. Benjamim, both of Maryland.

On the 2nd instant, by the Rev. F. T. Farny, Mr. Alexander J. Bux, to Miss Mary J. Landeser, both of this city.

On the 3rd instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. George H. Haines, to Miss Sarah C. Benjamim, both of Maryland.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Farny, Mr. Alexander J. Bux, to Miss Mary J. Landeser, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. George H. Haines, to Miss Sarah C. Benjamim, both of Maryland.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Farny, Mr. Alexander J. Bux, to Miss Mary J. Landeser, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. George H. Haines, to Miss Sarah C. Benjamim, both of Maryland.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Farny, Mr. Alexander J. Bux, to Miss Mary J. Landeser, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. George H. Haines, to Miss Sarah C. Benjamim, both of Maryland.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Farny, Mr. Alexander J. Bux, to Miss Mary J. Landeser, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. George H. Haines, to Miss Sarah C. Benjamim, both of Maryland.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Farny, Mr. Alexander J. Bux, to Miss Mary J. Landeser, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. George H. Haines, to Miss Sarah C. Benjamim, both of Maryland.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Farny, Mr. Alexander J. Bux, to Miss Mary J. Landeser, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. George H. Haines, to Miss Sarah C. Benjamim, both of Maryland.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Farny, Mr. Alexander J. Bux, to Miss Mary J. Landeser, both of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. George H. Haines, to Miss Sarah C. Benjamim, both of Maryland.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Farny, Mr. Alexander J. Bux, to Miss Mary J. Landeser, both of this city.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. George H. Haines, to Miss Sarah C. Benjamim, both of Maryland.

On the 20th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Farny, Mr. Alexander J. Bux, to Miss Mary J. Landeser, both of this city.

On the 21st instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters

WIT AND HUMOR.

A SONG OF PROVERBS.

AUST. "Pooh About the Forum."

In ancient days, tradition says,
When knowledge was much desired—
When few could teach and fewer preach,
And books were not yet printed—
What wise men thought, by prudence taught,
They pitifully expounded;
And proverbs aye, from age to age,
In every month abounded.
(Oh, blessings on the men of yore,
Who wisdom thus augmented,
And left a store of easy lore
For human use invented.

Two of a trade, 'twas early said,
Do very ill agree, Sir;
The bigger bates at rich men's gates
A bigger's free to see, Sir.
Yet trades there are, though rather rare,
Where men are not so jealous;
Two lawyers know the coal to blow,
Just like a pair of bellows.
Oh, blessings, &c.

Birds of a feather flock together,
Like fain with like would dwelt, Sir;
Yet things unlike the fancy strike,
And answer pretty well, Sir.
You know Jack Sprat: he eats no fat,
His wife can eat no lean, Sir;
So twist the two, with small ade,
They left the platter clean, Sir.
Oh, blessings, &c.

The man who would Charybdis shun
Must make a cautious movement,
Or else he'll into Scylla run—
Which would be no improvement.
The fish that left the frying-pan,
On finding that desire, Sir,
Took little by their change of plan,
When sounding in the fire, Sir.
Oh, blessings, &c.

A man of sense from a glass house
Will not be throwing stones, Sir;
A mountain may bring forth a mouse;
With many throes and groans, Sir.
A friend in need's a friend indeed,
And praised as such should be, Sir;
But summer friends, when summer ends,
Are off and o'er the sea, Sir.
Oh, blessings, &c.

Sour grapes, we cry, of things too high,
Which gives our pride relief, Sir;
Between two stools the bones of fools
Are apt to come to grief, Sir.
Truth, some folks tell, lies in a well,
Though why, I never could see, Sir;
But some opinion's found in wine,
Which better pleases me, Sir.
Oh, blessings, &c.

Your toll and pain will all be vain,
To try to milk the bull, Sir;
If forth you jog to shear the hog,
You'll get more cry than wool, Sir.
Twould take your hand to sow the sand,
Or shave a chin that's bare, Sir;
You cannot strip a Highland hip
Of what it does not wear, Sir.
Oh, blessings, &c.

An Enterprising Agent.

An enterprising travelling agent for a well-known Cleveland tomb-stone manufactory, recently made a visit to a small town in a neighboring county. Hearing in the village that a man in a remote part of the township had lost his wife, he thought he would go out and see him, and offer him consolation and a grave-stone on his usual reasonable terms. He started; the road was a horribly frightful one, but the agent persevered and arrived at the bereaved man's house. Bereaved man's hired girl told the agent that the bereaved man was splitting rails "over in the pasture," about two miles off. The indefatigable agent mounted his horse and started for the "pasture." After falling in all manner of mud holes, and scratching himself with the briars, and tumbling over decayed logs, the agent at length found the bereaved man. In a subdued voice he asked him if he had lost his wife; the man said he had. The agent was very sorry to hear it, and sympathized with the man very deeply in his great affliction; but death, he said, was an insatiate archer, and shot down all of both high and low degree. Informed the man "that what was his loss was her gain," and would be glad to sell him a grave-stone to mark the spot where the beloved one slept—marble or common stone, as he chose, at prices defying competition. The bereaved man said that there was one difficulty in the way.

"Haven't you lost your wife?" inquired the agent.

"Why, yes, I have," said the man, "but no grave ain't necessary, for you see the cussed critter ain't dead—she shoted with another feller."

Agent left that "pastur" in a hurry.

Ye Candidate's Grindstone.

A neighbor of Colonel Baker, the warrior statesman of Windham, tells the following story:—

The colonel's old grindstone, which had long done good service on the farm, having become pretty well worn down, he bought and brought home a nice new one. A poor neighbor conceiving that the venerable colonel could have no use for two stones, but could get along very well with one, asked him to give him the old one. The proposal, however, was not eagerly embraced, but was, on the contrary, positively repudiated. An effort to buy the stone also failed, owing to a disagreement between them regarding the price; and the man having asked for the stone, and been given a decidedly cold shoulder, was away exceedingly sorrowful.

A day or two after the colonel's nomination for Congress, he fell in with his neighbor, and after shaking hands and inquiring after each member of the independent elector's family, he took occasion to say, in the most friendly manner,

"By-the-by, you was speaking to me the other day about an old grindstone of mine. I don't know if I shall want to use the anything; if it will do you any good you can take it along with you any time when you are going by. It lies out there by the wood-pile."

The colonel paused to receive the warm thanks which he felt that his noble conduct deserved, but was a trifle not hocky the following instant:

"Better keep it, though, colonel; you've got more use to grind them 'em."



SCENE IN A CITY RAILWAY CAR.

COLOSSAL OLD LADY (politely).—"You needn't move, sir. I shall soon shake down."

IN THE WRONG COMPANY.—At a railway shareholders' meeting held in London the other day, a gentleman attended, and would insist upon making a very long speech, which he did. The chairman, when he had concluded, quietly asked the orator if he had quite done. "Yes, sir, quite," was the indignant reply of the seated man. "You will, consequently, permit me to answer you, sir?" "Oh, certainly, if you can; but I defy you to do that!" "Well, then," said the chairman, calmly, and with exceeding measured voice, looking round the room, "I think I can do so; I think I can do it to the satisfaction of yourself—I think I can do it to the satisfaction of all present—by informing you that you are in the wrong room, and addressing the wrong company. The brilliant speech you made should have been delivered at No. 6, first floor."

Tardiness in Walking.

Bodily exercise is so natural an impulse that a child is as certain to walk as birds are to fly when he feels himself strong enough for the exercise. The mystery of the tardiness displayed will most probably be found in some peculiarity of constitution, by which the development of muscular strength is delayed. It is likely that there is want of lime in the constitution of the child. Its diet, therefore, should consist of those substances in which that property predominates. Animal food—tender beef or mutton—fresh eggs, oat-meal, lime-water, brown bread, &c., will be the best food. I have heard of instances in which finely pulverized egg-shells have been given with good results in the food of children, in which the bone-forming power was deficient. If the child has not been accustomed to this description of diet, he may at first show a disinclination for it. It will then be necessary to watch that the appetite is not satisfied with less nutritious substances. What is apparently a very small quantity is sufficient to support the demand of the frame at the age described, provided the food be of suitable quality. At the same time highly concentrated nourishment should be avoided; the effect would be to over-stimulate, not nourish the infant. Cold water bathing is good if the child enjoys it, and immediately acquires a warm glow, otherwise it is injurious. Sponging with tepid water would in that case be better. The best assistance, however, combined with suitable diet, would be a long visit to the sea-side. Every contrivance for teaching walking is bad; every support whilst practising the exercise is equally so. Children should be suffered to proceed in their own fashion, prompted by an instinct of their peculiar capabilities. A looker-on should appear to take no notice of the first tottering attempts. The thoughtless habit that nurses have of crying "take care, you'll fall," at every step the little novice takes often paralyzes the will in a timid child; she had better hold her breath, watch for the tumble, and see how little harm it does. Well-nursed children are seldom in a position of imminent danger. The obvious course, when such is the case, is to snatch them from it, and not to raise a cry of warning.

AGRICULTURAL.

Some of the Economics of Social Intercourse.

BY J. J. H. GREGORY.

I can conceive of a farmer lounging away his own time and slacking precious hours from his sturdy neighbors in pointless calls; but our New England farmers as a class need few warnings in this direction; more especially is this true of those who live within market distance of our great centers of population, and catch the restless drive of city life. New England farmers are far less in danger of wasting time in loafing, than in losing opportunities to acquire valuable information from living too isolated a life. Farmers are not nearly as diligent in acquiring improved methods of cultivation, and availing themselves of the advantages of improved machinery, as they are in putting in the hard work. Well, this sticking right to it!—has a smack of hardy self-reliance about it, but we yearn that just such a driving energetic class should have all the helps possible at hand, for there will be enough enough invested under the most favorable conditions for labor.

Now I hold that no farmer can make a more profitable investment of his time each season of the year, than in making a few calls during the ploughing, planting, hoeing and harvesting seasons, on the more enterprising farmers of his vicinity. Labor is now very high; this therefore is a capital opportunity to profit by all the advantages of improved machinery. Farmers are usually slow to invest in new implements, and this is often put to the credit of a judicious can-

and scowering a harvest. We have need the word scowering advisedly. It is nothing else, unless the aid we have above suggested is given. And especially this season, when labor is scarce, are those plain words needed—when the country demands increased production to supply the wants of war, and when the force of the farmer has been drawn upon to give force to the army.

Farmers, consider your visitors. Make them take the hoe, the scythe, the fork, and visit by your side in the field. Do not give them precious time—lend it to them and exact payment in kind and in full. By this means they will learn to enjoy and appreciate rural life as witnessed from a labor stand-point. And they will better estimate the character and intelligence of the men who are called "the bone and muscle" of the country. And if your visitors lack the good sense to appreciate your position and duties, leave them to their own resources. Feed them on plain farmer's fare. Give them the hardest bobs and the hottest rooms. Don't let them think you feel honored and overwhelmed by their presence. Don't make yourselves uncomfortable on their account. We don't believe in that kind of hospitality. It ought not to be agricultural etiquette during the busy season at least.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

CANNING FRUIT.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman seasonably reminds the readers of that journal that many fruits may be preserved with little or no sugar. The correspondent says:—

"Currants, gooseberries, peaches and pears require no sugar to preserve them. Raspberries and blackberries do not require more than four ounces of sugar to a pound of fruit, and strawberries but little more. We have now the different kinds, nearly as fresh and good as when first gathered. Put them up the same way as if you used the usual quantity of sugar; that is, expel the cold air by heating the fruit after it is placed in the jars, by setting the jars in cold water, which heat to boiling. The jars that we use are self-sealing, with zinc covers, which can be screwed on before the jar is removed from the hot water. We have never lost a jar of fruit put up in them."

VEGETABLE STAINS.—These include fruit stains, and may be removed with chlorine or sulphuric acid. A diluted solution of chlorine will remove stains; or if practicable, chlorine in a gaseous state will be better, the place being wet. Sulphuric acid, or the strong fumes of burning sulphur will effect the same purpose, but much more slowly, and perhaps more safely. Both these substances will, however, remove any other vegetable color which may have been used for dyeing the fabric.

To remove stains from calico or other colored substances, without affecting the original hue, requires not only a knowledge of the materials used in dyeing, but of those which will dispel the stain without affecting these dyes, and would be too extended a subject for our present limits.

ANNUAL REGISTER.

NEW METHOD OF MAKING BREAD.—Good bread is a good thing, and one not so easily obtained. A correspondent of the American Agriculturist says she can make good bread, and tells others how to do it. She says:—

"Instead of protracted agony of twelye or eighteen hours, it will only be a pleasant exercise of a few minutes in making it—just two hours for raising—and baked in fifty minutes, and then out come the loaves, so round and light, so tender and sweet, the whole house will be delighted."

"The first thing, and last in fact, is a proper temperature, both while making it and in process of raising. Without heat, internal as well as external, fermentation cannot be rapid enough. Then heat two bricks to 100 degrees or more, and place the pan you make the bread in upon them, and so knead and work in the heat with the material. And now, though the great army of bread makers stand up in floury array against me, and over shake their doughy fingers at me, I shall not wince or abate one jot. Success is the test of merit, as the world goes, and the past delusive notion that, after bread is light once, it must forsooth be moulded over into loaves, and set to work again, is all nonsense. It often induces sourness, certainly multiplies labor, and takes time. Well, then, have two tins well greased, and divide the dough equally. (I use two quart tins, which, of course, requires two quarts of flour and over for a loaf), and set them to rise by the store on the hot bricks, with a piece of carpet over the bricks, to moderate the heat, and then well cover with warm woolen. In two hours it will be rising like Aladdin's palace, and when fairly brimming full place it in your oven, and you will soon have an delicious bread to eat as one ought to expect out of Paradise. I claim this as original, and only ask you to follow these directions, and give us the result. Thus bread-making ceases to be the tax on time and patience it usually is, and the harassing doubts and fears one usually goes through with while following the old method, are quite done away with. I could say much on the philosophy of baking bread, in adjusting the 'golden mean,' which, after all, is half. A peep into some of the closed ovens would, I fear, call out the exclamation of the dogs in Landseer's picture of 'Too hot, too hot.' These instructions are so plain, and the results promised so great, that they are worth trying."

I have made two or three excursions this season, and have returned so well repaid, that I intend to make a few more "tours of observation" ere long. I am now ready to cast a unanimous vote in favor of a small variety of gang plough, carrying about four shares, as a capital implement to fine the surface of turned earth much deeper and better than a harrow. I am ready also, to cast a heavy vote for that long, high-stilted, grass-hopper looking machine, used by the Down Easterns to hoe their potatoe; it does its work with great dispatch, and thoroughly.

I am inclined to believe that a great deal of non-intercourse originates in a misapplication of the sturdy spirit of independence which is naturally begotten by the noble pursuit of agriculture. This is unfortunate. Let us help ourselves as far as possible; but let us not be too high-spirited to be also served by the experience of our neighbors. A rivalry at all times is not so rare a spectacle as we could wish.

AGRICULTURAL ETIQUETTE.—[We insert the following from the *Rural New Yorker*, as a hint to our town and city readers—that they may be careful not to go to any place where there is any danger of their not being welcome.]

At this season the denizens of towns and cities swarm into the country, visit their country cousins—the farmers to whom they may be in some wise related. And many of these visitors neglect to remember that this is the busy season with husbandman and housewife; that such visits fail to give pleasure to the rural population, unless the visitor, in his or her efforts to restore strength and stamina lost in the pleasures and cares of city life, develop it by other modes than being waited upon; unless they share the labors of the farmer and his wife to such an extent as fully to compensate for time given by them to excursions, picnics, &c., in entertainment of their visitors.

This country economy is a great nuisance to farmers—a gross tax upon the strength and patience of the farmer's wife when all is needed and should be applied in insuring

THE RIDDLE.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY JOSEPH R. ROSE, JR.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 1, 16, 6, 12, is a bitter wild plum.
My 2, 6, 17, 8, is a French measure.
My 3, 8, 6, 13, is an animal.
My 4, 9, 3, 6, is a river of Continental Europe.
My 5, 8, 18, 4, is a very large bird.
My 7, 8, 1, 6, is what most people wear.
My 8, 2, 7, 4, is in the Sandwich Islands.
My 9, 6, 18, 12, is a town of France.
My 10, 14, 8, 2, is a foreign measure.
My 11, 6, 10, 18, is a rabbit.
My 12, 13, 8, 9, is a river of Germany.
My 13, 4, 8, is an useful kind of tree.
My 14, 13, 17, is a nickname.
My 15, 2, 9, is a part of the human body.
My 16, 4, is a letter of the Greek alphabet.
My 17, 6, 9, 1, 18, was an ancient language.
My 18, 14, 10, 16, is a beautiful tree of China.

My whole is a great scholar of the present age.

Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

Charade.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an apartment nest,
Where daily friends and strangers meet.
As to my second, I may state,
It signifies to cultivate.
My third and last, with meaning rife,
Applies to every stage of life.
Indeed, to all the different stages,
Throughout the lapse of vanished ages.
My whole exists in every one,
Both man and beast, beneath the sun.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an agricultural implement.
My second is a valuable fowl.
My third is a city of considerable note.
My fourth is a retreat for wild beasts.

My whole is the name of a battle-ground, where the French obtained a victory over the Austrians.

C. JONES.

Ella, Min.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's a prefix often used
Before a verb or noun.
My second's a division of
A city or a town.

2.

Transpose me all, I'm much in use,
To hold things both tight packed and loose.
That I am useful, I will show,
For of me in each house there's a dozen or so.

3.

But was I was before transposed,
You'll find I'm to the good ones given;
If not while here upon the earth,
They'll have me when they get to *Heaven*.

CHAL.

Magic Square.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
It is required to arrange the following numbers, so that the sum of any four numbers, taken horizontally, vertically, diagonally, or in the form of a square, shall be the same:

1, 2, 3, 4,

5, 6, 7, 8,

9, 10, 11, 12,

13, 14, 15, 16.

Oil City, Pa. *WALTER SIVERLY.*

An answer is requested